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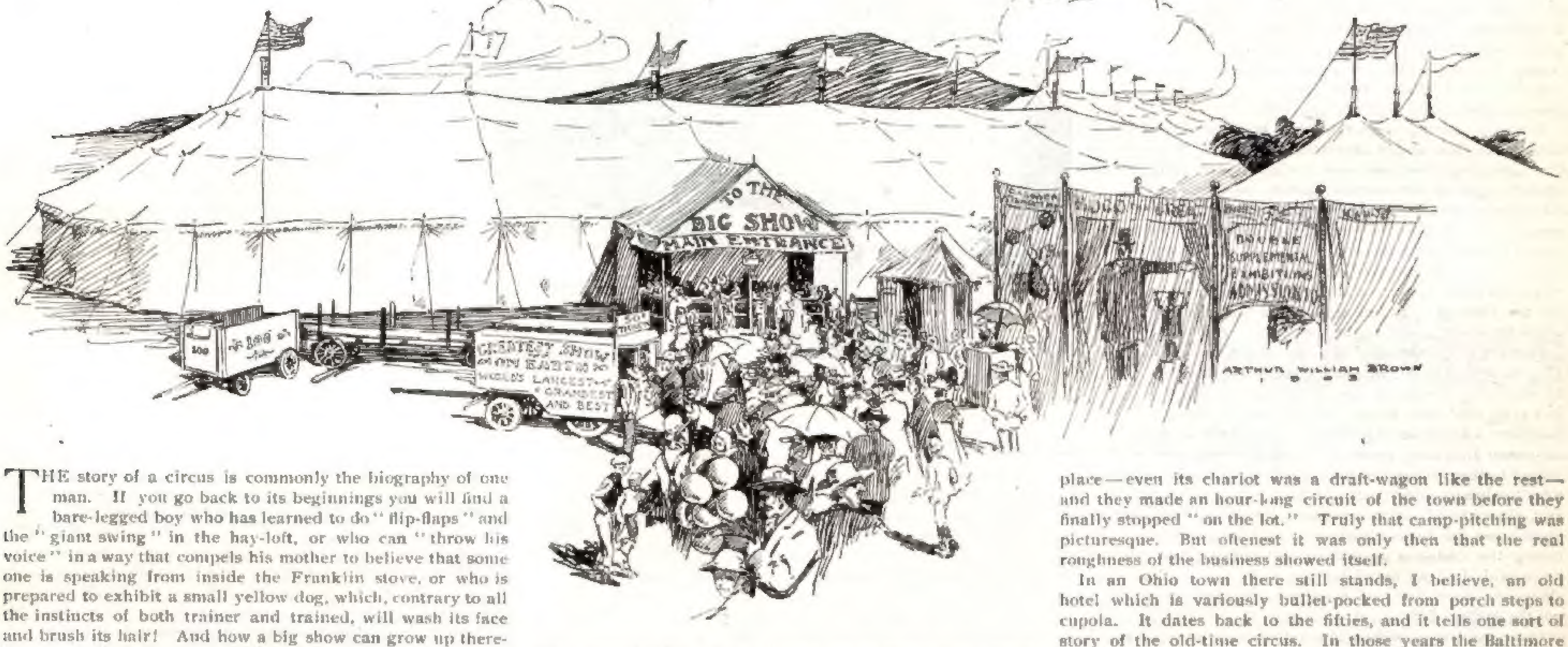
Following the Circus

A Study in a Little Known Field of Consolidation

BY ARTHUR E. McFARLANE


TO THE
BIG SHOW
MAIN ENTRANCE
GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH
WORLD'S LARGEST GRANDEST AND BEST
DOUBLE SUPPLEMENTAL EXHIBITING ADMISSION 10
ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN 1903

THE story of a circus is commonly the biography of one man. If you go back to its beginnings you will find a bare-legged boy who has learned to do "flip-flaps" and the "giant swing" in the hay-loft, or who can "throw his voice" in a way that compels his mother to believe that some one is speaking from inside the Franklin stove, or who is prepared to exhibit a small yellow dog, which, contrary to all the instincts of both trainer and trained, will wash its face and brush its hair! And how a big show can grow up therefrom we learned one rainy afternoon as we sat by the receipt of custom at the main entrance and aloofly regarded the ticket-clamorings of the wet-umbrella'd crowd outside. It was Charley Andress who briefly sketched us out his story. Once he was sole master of his thirty cars. Now in the age of absorption he is one of the department heads in "The Greatest Show on Earth."

He early evinced *his* particular aptitude for the show business by being able to bark like a dog, give imitations of cat-fights which deceived the astutest ears, and play the violin so that it was a wonder—for he was only eleven. And when a wandering magician came to town, the pile of quarters he took in glitteringly pointed the youngster his indubitable path in life. He attached himself to the wizard as general assistant; within a year he had learned all his tricks, and at the mature age of twelve he left him, resolved that the time had come for him to set up for himself and undertake the support of his mother.

With a pair of home-made curtains in one hand, his violin in the other, and his kit and magician's gear strapped to his back, he walked eighteen miles to the next village, Otisville, Michigan. There he took the town hall and prepared to give his performance. But if his ideas were large he was still only a very small boy. His audience were all wild lumberjacks and shouting mill-hands. They threw things at him, they yelled at him to "ginger up," they scared him to death. Sick at heart, he stood it a little longer, then fled behind his curtains, miserably flung his stuff out of the back window, and made out of town through the pitchy night. But at the next town a champion awaited him. A big-hearted, heavy-fisted tavern-keeper heard his story, hotly loaded the boy and his baggage into his buggy, and drove him back to Otisville. There he told its citizens the vileness of their manners, and made that audience reassemble—and pay double, to boot. And he stood beside the child while he went tremblingly through his "business."

After that to the juvenile Andress the world was a good place again. He felt that he had been safely launched, but for mutual protection he allied himself with a rope-walker and a contortionist. Before long he was able to buy a small tent and gather to himself a high-trapeze performer, and a man who could ride a horse standing up! From one wagon he rose to two, to five, to ten. He toured the land in triumph. But when he went down South, while the darkies liked his show, they were forever asking: "Wha' de vahmints? Why ain' yoh got no vahmints?" "Vahmints" including everything from white mice to mastodons, he plunged, and was soon trailing after him a melancholy, frayed-eared elephant. But again he was to find that a traveling menagerie had been ahead of him, and a local colored poet made poetry against his circus:

"Heah de ban' a-playin'—
'Long come de show;
On'y got one elephant—
Ain't a-goin' to go!"

Obviously it was necessary to get still more "vahmints," and so that circus grew.

And his was the life of the "wagon show." The memory of its picturesqueness still remains, but not of its brutal hardness. On the "big jumps" the drivers—generally the bosses themselves—were compelled to stay on their seats till they were forced to rub tobacco into their eyes to keep them open. They seemed never to have men enough to do their work, or wagons strong enough to bear the loads; and they had accidents, strikes and desertions unceasingly. When down on their luck they fell back to living on the country, picking up what potatoes and apples and green corn they could from the farms they passed by night—as painful a diet as it was unlawful. Sometimes in foul weather the whole show was mired to the boxes. One old circus man tells of being for a week within sight of a town and yet unable to make it. When they did roll in, however, it was with a kind of state entry in which we see the origin of the modern parade. Having come to a halt at some near-by stream, every one washed, costumes and uniforms were cleaned and donned, horses were groomed and cockaded, and the red and blue wagons well sluiced off. Then when the tent men had cut a stout oak sapling for a centre-pole, the band mounted to its place—even its chariot was a draft-wagon like the rest—and they made an hour-long circuit of the town before they finally stopped "on the lot." Truly that camp-pitching was picturesque. But oftenest it was only then that the real roughness of the business showed itself.

In an Ohio town there still stands, I believe, an old hotel which is variously bullet-pocked from porch steps to cupola. It dates back to the fifties, and it tells one sort of story of the old-time circus. In those years the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was under construction, and when that particular seventy-horse show came to town some thousands of Irish navvies were working on a cutting in the vicinity. On show day they threw down their shovels, swarmed the taverns all morning, and attended the circus in the afternoon. One of them proceeded to make merry with an old horse-pistol and an attempt was made to put him out. Within a few minutes there was shooting on both sides and the man was killed. Before the end of the hour the show people were desperately seeking refuge in the nearest hotel. Part of the mob turned back and burned their tents with everything in them. Then a wild attempt was made to storm the hotel. Men were killed on the stairs, some with pistols, some with axes. The showmen sent their women and children up above, where they might have some measure of security, but they themselves knew better than to surrender.

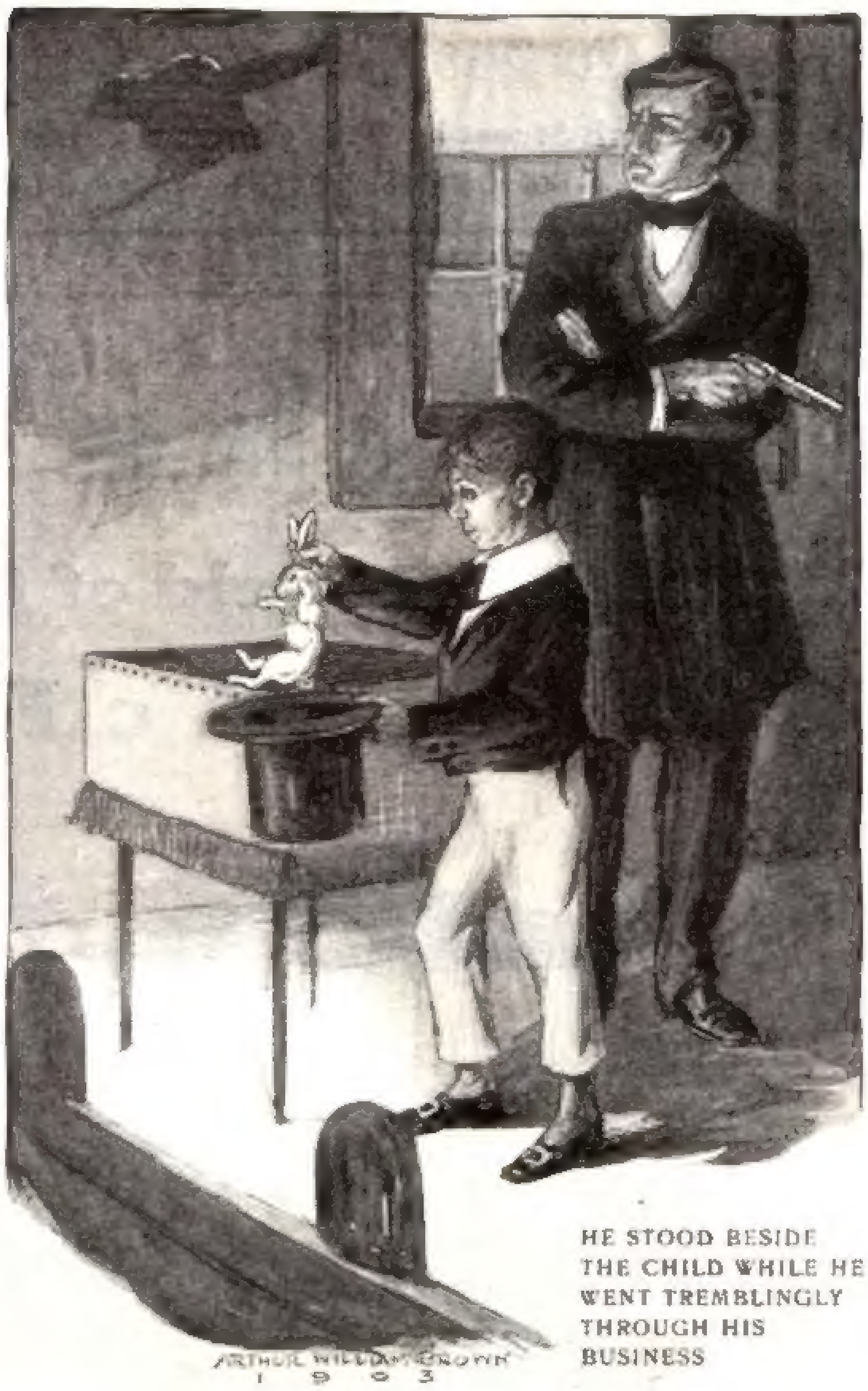
Assault after assault followed. The town authorities made practically no offer to do anything. Circus people were tooth-and-claw animals well able to take care of themselves. If they could not, no one would regret their loss. Many of the townspeople joined the besiegers. In a little time the ammunition of the defenders was exhausted. But just at the last moment some of their women made the discovery that part of the hotel garret was a kind of arsenal for the local militia. After that conditions were rather more equal. What followed then is known to this day as "the massacre"—but it was a mutual massacre. Forty-one people were killed in all, to say nothing of the wounded. And by that time the authorities saw fit to act. Just in time to prevent the torch being put to the hotel the troops were called out, and what remained of the show people were given some sort of safe conduct out of town. They would no more have thought of bringing damage suits than the town would have thought of protecting them had they come back again.

That is perhaps the bloodiest episode in old-show annals, but it is typical. Against any ordinary force the show would have much more than held its own. And it would have looked upon any disposition of the municipal fathers to take sides in the matter as unwarrantable interference. The old wagon shows literally fought their way, and they found it very profitable so to do. A week ahead of the circus the announcer would ride into town, his saddle-bags full of "paper." He was the prototype of the advance man and the press agent, and he not only billed the town, but he made it known from tavern, court-house porch and public square that, though it was against his nature to boast, the circus which he had the honor to represent had a few stake men who, he allowed, could about handle anything in that county. He had heard that their Bayou Boys or Calithumpian Hardheads, or Turnpike Angels, or whatever the name of the local tough gang might be, had up and made a meal of the last show. Well, he allowed they could maybe get a lot more exercise out of his.

The promised trouble brought crowds to town. All attended the show—to furnish the gate receipts, as it were: and between performances, and especially when the circus was making ready to pull out at night, there were such encounters, both joint and several, as in many cases still hold a place in the local mythology. It was a practice which even show-owners who were naturally quiet and law-abiding could hardly get away from. They believed that in no other way could they fill their blue-slat seats. Those who remember Dan Rice in the old times will recall his plastic figure gyrating in front of his booth as he jollied the crowd for champions. "Send up your rough-comers, boys. We'll try to give 'em all a bull-pup welcome, with the hair side out!"

It was a bad business, though. It demoralized the countryside, and it drove the show so far from the shelter of the law that its employees were oftenest within the shadow of the penitentiary. The circus man was commonly considered to be capable of anything. Frank Melville, perhaps the most famous of American high school horse-trainers, tells of being hauled from an hotel bed in an Arkansas town to stand a Judge Lynch trial for the theft of a wallet which had disappeared while he was registering in the office. About the only thing still left to adjudicate was whose halter was to be used, when, somewhat fortunately for Mr. Melville, the wallet turned up again. But the fact remained that being a circus owner he was therefore a blackguard! And the majority of the showman fraternity cynically accepted their reputation, and joined to themselves the three-card men, the thimble-riggers, wheel-spinners and "lucky-jacks." A show not only fought and slaughtered the town boys, but it also fleeced them. Sometimes the furious victims would succeed in either capturing the cash-box or landing the circus proprietor where he would do less harm for the next few weeks. But the showmen were the real rough-comers, and generally they got the better of it.

One might well believe that no business on earth gave less promise of undergoing a change of heart, of cleansing itself and growing into so huge and perfect an institution for harmless, wholesome, popular delight as almost to seem some magnificent inspiration. Those who are pessimists over present-day America here may see how it may be quite as natural for an institution to develop toward the good as toward the vicious. They may see, too, that when a corporation grows so big as to seem to have no soul—though it always does have a soul, and most of those in connection with it can tell you to whom it belongs—it may be a very much better corporation than when its whole personnel could very comfortably and advantageously be lodged in the county jail. It is the business of this article to indicate some of the simple, common-sense business principles by which that growth and change took place. And possibly in subsequent papers there may be given some body and backing for the opinion, not infrequently expressed, that a great modern circus is perhaps the most highly systematized and most brilliantly managed of enterprises in the twentieth-century world.



HE STOOD BESIDE THE CHILD WHILE HE WENT TREMBLINGLY THROUGH HIS BUSINESS

The change from the old to the new, from the bad to the good, had for years been inevitable. Although there had been no such thing as a show touring under canvas before 1820, by the sixties there were scores of them. And their rivalry was as keen as that of fifty Highland raiding clans all after the same Lowland cattle. Also the heaviness of their traveling gear—what a circus speaks of as its "weight"—had been ever steadily increasing. A big one such as Barnum then possessed could be dragged and jacked along the unmade town lines only by the most terrific efforts. In 1869 "P. T." was able to overcome the distrust of the railroads—an aversion which lingers in some measure even to this day—and put his show "on the irons." It gave him an immediate advantage of ease and expedition which his fellows could not for a moment allow him.

But only as they were respectable and well-behaved would the railways take them! Mark, now, that no moral wave swept over the business, nor did any Draconian act of Congress plunge it in a tub of lye. It was not even a case of be virtuous and you will be happy. It was a case of be virtuous or you will be left to stick forever in a country-road mudhole! Thus was taken a step into carefully prescribed lines of system and order. Free-and-easy gipsying was perforce abandoned for hard-and-fast business methods, for the necessity of keeping to exact schedules and maintaining a good, sound banking credit.

And it must be confessed that those were goals toward which several of the clear-headed younger men in the business—Barnum, and Adam Forepaugh, and James A. Bailey—had for long enough been desperately striving. As "P. T." said, "it pays to be honest." They were now to find that it paid to be honester and honestest! Railroad transportation now gave the circus a chance to carry as much weight as it chose. It could expand indefinitely. To possess the Great American Show became at once the ambition of half a dozen different American showmen. But that called for much capital, and capital is almost more coyly timid than a country maiden in a rural drama. Before their money went into it, the men possessing it wanted to know if the staff of the show were all the kind of men they could rely on as business agents. And was the working force such as the manager could guarantee to keep from stirring up trouble in the towns they went into? It was one thing for a fifty-horse show to be cut up or cleaned out, and another for a circus that five hundred horses could not haul. Thus developed another source of beneficent pressure, which, for the thinking reader, need not be expanded further.

In the third place, some of the younger men aforementioned had already also realized the very great truth—which the present-day pessimist is too willing to be blind to—that in any legally ordered community the respectable people, the best elements, are invariably in the majority. The gentry who came to the show desiring to fight, or even to see fighting, were vastly outnumbered by those quiet ones who were kept away by it. And if a show allowed a countryside to be fleeced by a scallawag following, it was merely cutting off the supply of golden eggs.

From then on there was a movement toward respectability which was so rapid as to be almost humorous. There are bad little shows left yet, but one by one time or the law is snapping their pernicious little heads off. As for the big fellows, however, he who sits for an afternoon in the director's tent, hard by the "big top," will come to the conclusion that the modern circus is more nervously fearful for its reputation than savings banks and metropolitan trust companies. Of this more hereafter. For the present it may only be written down that the big show now carries its own detectives, and an attorney to look after the prosecution of the law-breaker. Furthermore, it is about as easy for one of the slick-fingered persuasion to travel with a circus as it would be for him to attach himself to the suite of a touring President. He may follow it, of course, but the show will "put him through" the moment it detects him. When one of the big shows was *en route* through France, being a stranger in the land it found itself incapable of keeping its skirts clean alone. It promptly gave notice that unless the proper assistance were given it, those parts of the Republic should know it no more. And the local prefects immediately acted. It not only pays to be honest and respectable; it pays to protect the public.

During the same years another evolutionary idea had been at work. The same great churn-handle which had been turning the cream-clots of a hundred other enterprises into one large, solidified, central core was at work inside the show business. Hitherto there had been few alliances. They went it alone—the traveling menagerie, the trapeze and high-wire show, the trained animal exhibition, the freak and prodigy show—generally most unconscionable frauds—the touring horse-breaker and tamer, the tumblers and bare-back men and magicians. The great circus magnates regarded them, compared the profits of the little fellows with their own, and were illumined by another general principle.

A famous trolley magnate has said that it is only the danger of line congestion that makes a street-car company hesitate to extend the freest possible transfer service: in

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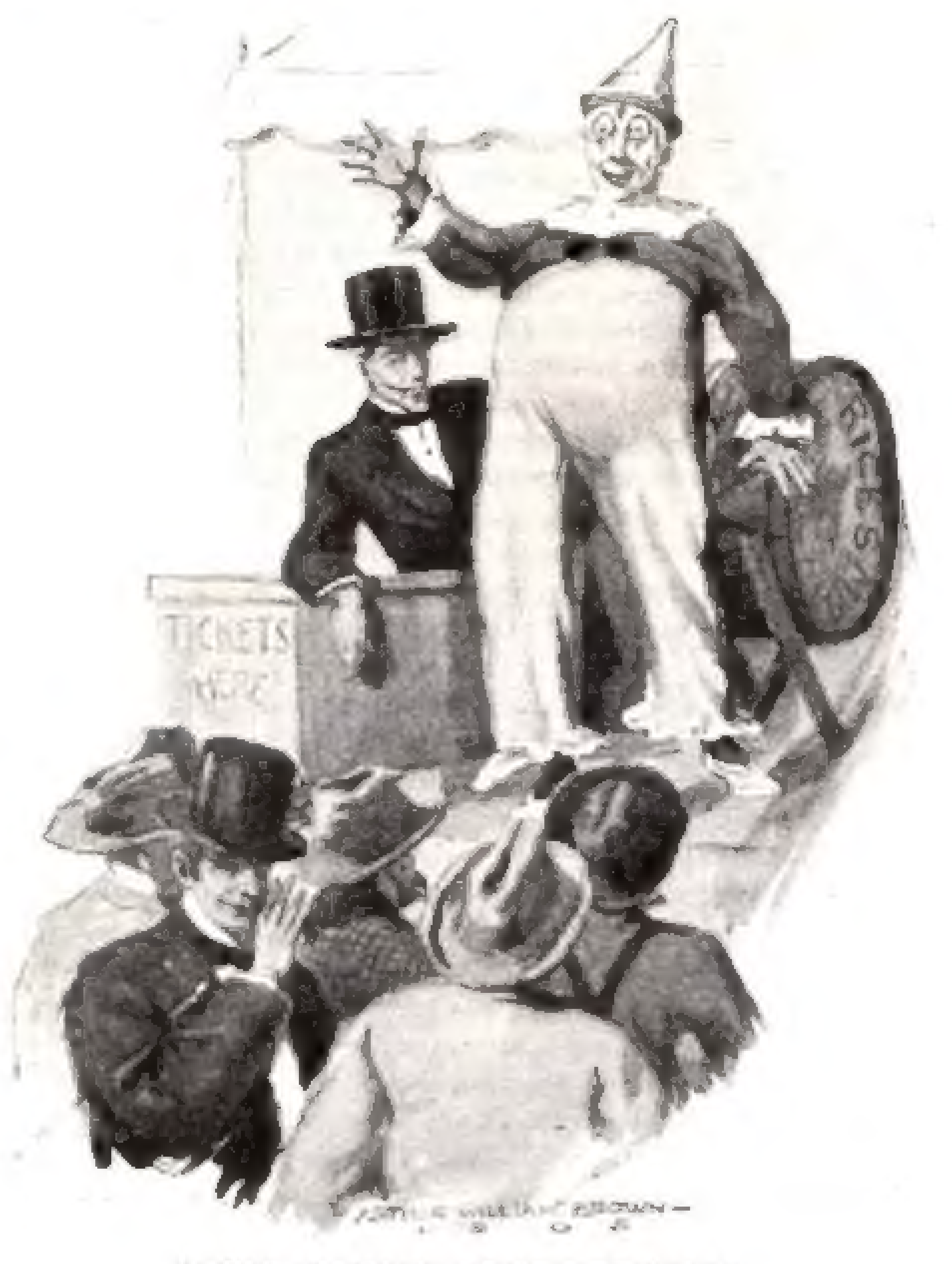
1903

itself it always pays. The circus men had learned, for their part, that it pays to give the public a doubled and quadrupled money's worth. The billboard blazon of "Three — or Four — or Five Big Shows in One" is not mere hot air. In a five or six pole circus each of the three rings actually stands for at least one show added in toto; perhaps three or four would be nearer the mark. In the circus from which most of this material was gathered on a three weeks' jaunt we found almost a score of men on the staff who had formerly been independent show owners themselves; and some of them had weighed their twenty-five and thirty cars in the bargain. And where there had been a dozen little side-shows, each with its separate admission fee, now — "all these wonders, gentlemen, all these unparalleled curiosities are gathered into one tent and may be seen for ten cents — one dime!"

Nay, as many more wonders and curiosities are set forth gratis on the central platform of the menagerie tent. As for the frauds, though Barnum did really say that the public likes to be humbugged, he also protested later that he always gave that public much more than its fifty cents worth of what was genuine. Under present-day ideas, where there is one pious fraud, the public can truthfully be assured that there are twenty real freaks. And all this is not charity, but in the way of good, sound business.

As for the number of acts on a modern circus program, it is something to tax a census bureau. We attended upward of thirty performances and to the last found ourselves not only looking at business we had never noticed before, but becoming acquainted with faces hitherto unknown to us among the performers! An exhibition of trained horses, dogs and monkeys which would make up an entire little show will be put on as one triple act in a "three-ringer," and run through in eleven or nine or seven minutes! A big show will carry a dozen trick lions and tigers and as many keepers, and will find absolutely no place or time for any wild beast act at all!



"SEND UP YOUR ROUGH-COMERS"

From an amphitheatre little larger than that of a college lyceum the circus has expanded to a canvas Coliseum. The three best known of the big shows are now practically under one management. In three seasons they could together show before every man, woman and child in America! Nor is it impossible that the whole show business may be under one man in the course of the next generation.

But the future of the circus is too intangible. It is more satisfying to attempt to realize the size and complexity of one great modern show. It is a monster which when traveling requires four trains of twenty-four cars each, many of them twice the ordinary length. When it settles it must have a lot of not less than ten acres, and to be really comfortable it prefers some twenty. It houses its ever well-conducted hydra-heads under twenty-six tents, two of them the size of a city block. Beneath the blue and vermilion wings of the amiable monster are sheltered a drove of five hundred horses and ponies, a herd of elephants, another drove of camels, a herd of zebras and guanacos, llamas and zebus, and thirty or forty cages of assorted wild animals, all roaring incessantly for food.

To handle this monster calls for eleven hundred men — grooms, watchmen, cooks, butchers, wardrobe men, property men, canvas men, performers, chorus girls, *corps de ballet*, doorkeepers, ushers, stenographers, bookkeepers, ticket-sellers, superintendents, general staff and managers. And all of them must be fed by day and lodged by night! Another hundred men must be ahead to prepare the monster's way, and as many more are ever working on its winter lairs — one of them on this side the ocean, a second on the other. And before its return to those winter lairs it will waddle its way up and down the land for twelve thousand miles and more! Truly an amazing monster!

It is our intention to go with it a little, to make some study of its peculiarities, of its manners and morals, to see how it eats, sleeps and is clothed, how it keeps out of trouble, how it makes itself beloved, and what it is most afraid of; to tell some of the queer stories about it which the world outside has never heard, and above all to find out how so huge a winged leviathan can come and go and have its being with seemingly no effort at all.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of papers by Mr. McFarlane on the business end of a big show. The next will appear in an early number.

A Senator of Two Republics

Ben Hill, Toombs, Yancey and Wigfall

BY G. G. VEST

Ex-Senator from Missouri

IN THE Senate of the Confederate States Ben Hill, of Georgia, was the acknowledged champion of President Jefferson Davis and his administration. The task he assumed was not a light one. Although the announcement made by Ben Franklin to his colleagues in the Continental Congress that they must "hang together or hang separately," was peculiarly applicable to the Southern leaders, many of them opposed Mr. Davis during the entire war. Toombs, of Georgia; Yancey, of Alabama, and Wigfall, of Texas, were especially bitter in their denunciation — all three being men of remarkable ability and great influence.

Robert Toombs, the Mirabeau of the South

GENERAL ROBERT TOOMBS entered the army at the beginning of the war as a Brigadier-General and remained in the military service until the close of hostilities. He was, however, a member of the Provisional Congress from February 4, 1861, to February 17, 1862. He and Mr. Davis were colleagues in the United States Senate when the Southern States seceded, but were political antagonists upon every question except that of slavery. Toombs was a Whig and Davis a disciple of John C. Calhoun, but both were extremists on the slavery question. When Sumner threatened that slavery should be surrounded by a cordon of free States so that, like a viper encircled by fire, it should sting itself to death, Toombs responded that the time would come when he could call the roll of his slaves at the foot of Bunker Hill Monument.

General Toombs was called the Mirabeau of the South, and in many respects resembled the great Frenchman. He had a strong intellect, violent passions and great courage. He was very ambitious, and the fact that Mr. Davis defeated him for the Presidency of the Confederate States in the Provisional Congress at Montgomery was thought by many to be the cause of his persistent opposition to the policy adopted by Mr. Davis in conducting the war. In the book published by President Davis after the fall of the Confederacy the statement is made that he was unanimously chosen by the Provisional Congress to the Presidency of the Confederate States, but as a matter of fact Toombs received five votes and Davis six, each one of the eleven States then composing the Confederacy casting one vote.

In this connection I recall a singular episode which occurred between Mr. Davis and myself in 1884. I stated on the floor of the United States Senate, in an address on the life and public services of Senator Ben Hill, who had recently died, that Mr. Davis had been elected President of the Confederate States in the Provisional Congress, which assembled at Montgomery, by a majority of one vote over General Toombs. A few days after my speech appeared in the Congressional Record Senator George, of Mississippi, who was a close personal and political friend of Mr. Davis and had served in his regiment during the Mexican war, came to me with a letter written him by the ex-President of the Confederacy, in which he complained of my statement in the Senate, as it contradicted the assertion made by him in his book, recently published, that his election to the Presidency at Montgomery had been unanimous. I asked Senator George to give me the letter so that I could reply to it personally, and wrote Mr. Davis that I had not read his book and knew nothing of the account there given of his election. I expressed my sincere regret that I had said anything on the subject which even annoyed him, and that I had not only sympathized with him in his misfortunes but had taken every opportunity to defend his conduct as President of the Confederate States, in which position I knew that he had done nothing unworthy a brave and honorable man. I also stated that the severities he had undergone at Fortress Monroe, when there imprisoned, and the refusal afterward of the United States authorities to make good the charge of treason, for which he had been indicted in the Federal Court at Richmond, Virginia, had endeared him to every ex-Confederate as a martyr for the cause in defense of which he had only followed his honest convictions. I also wrote that in speaking on the life and public services of Senator Hill I had only repeated what I had learned from members of the Provisional Congress at Montgomery who participated in the election of a President, and this information was that a ballot had been taken in executive session which resulted in six votes for Davis and five for Toombs, each of the States casting one vote, and that in order to present an unbroken front to the world and to remove any appearance of a division of sentiment on so important a question, the doors had been opened and Davis was then unanimously chosen as Chief Executive of the Confederacy. From these facts, about which there could be no doubt, it was evident, as I wrote Mr. Davis, that the statements made by both him and myself were true and that I had evidently intended to do him no injustice.

In a few days I received the following autographic letter, which I have now before me:

"BEAUVOIR, MISS., 14th February, 1884.

"HON. G. G. VEST.

"*My Dear Sir:* The misconstruction placed upon a sentence of your address has been the happy cause of a letter which I sincerely prize. Since the war so many persons have made complaint against me to whom I felt sure of never having intentionally given offense or done injustice that I have no doubt been rendered prone to believe myself the subject of unfriendly criticism. Your letter is more than satisfactory, and I cordially thank you for the vindication you have had occasion to make of one who had no other claim upon you than that of fidelity to the cause to which you gave your heart and your conviction.

"I cannot regret my mistake, since it has made me the recipient of very gratifying information which I might not otherwise have had.

"Faithfully yours,

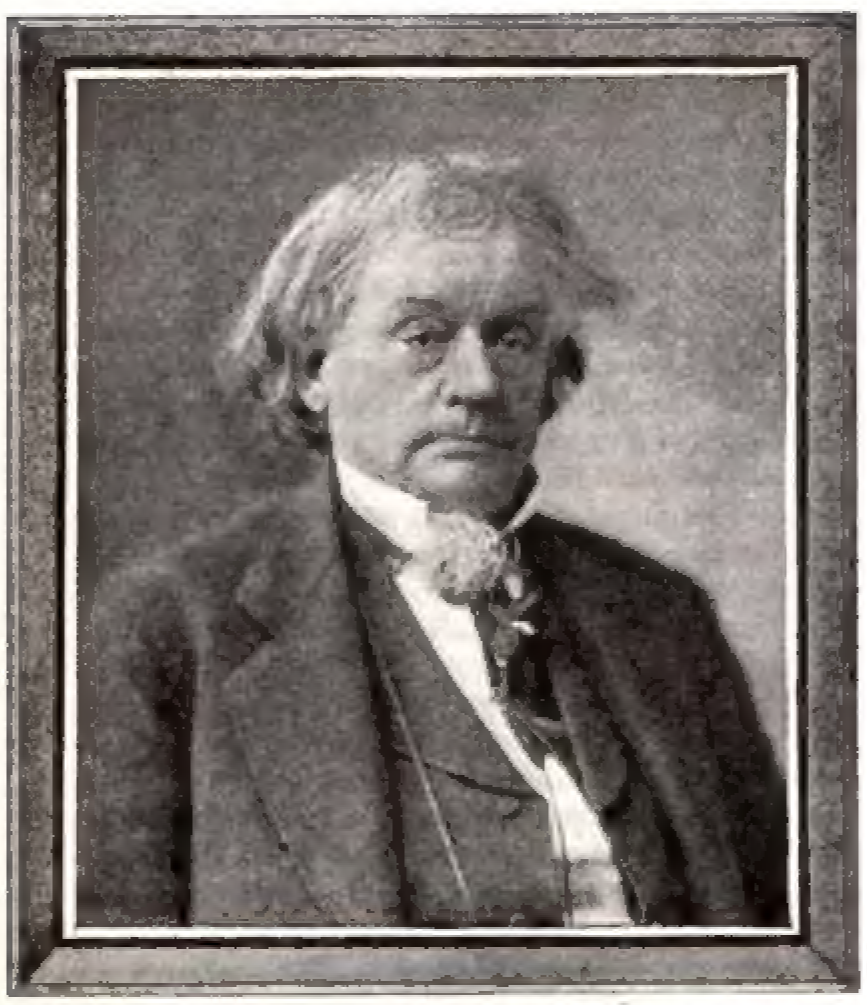
"JEFFERSON DAVIS."

William L. Yancey's Career

WILLIAM L. YANCEY was beyond doubt the most brilliant orator in either the Northern or Southern States. He was sent to England at the beginning of the war by President Davis with the hope that his eloquence might advance the cause of the Confederacy in that country, but he returned after some months' absence disappointed and without having effected anything for the Confederacy. He found that cotton was not king and that the nobility and members of the British Parliament who controlled public sentiment were opposed to the Confederate States on account of slavery, and that Queen Victoria was friendly to the United States in the pending conflict.

There is little doubt that Mr. Yancey expected to be offered a place in the Cabinet of President Davis, and was mortified by finding that his position was not so distinguished as when delivering his wonderful orations before the war became flagrant — the military being considered after the war began the most important branch of the public service. For some reason, better known to Mr. Yancey than any one else, he became the inveterate enemy of President Davis and was violent in his denunciation of the manner in which the war was conducted on the Confederate side.

I was not a member of the Confederate Senate when the unfortunate personal encounter between Senators Hill and



BOB TOOMBS

Yancey occurred, but have heard from eye-witnesses and from Senator Hill himself what I have no doubt is a correct version of the affair. Senator Yancey had delivered a violent speech, charging Davis and his advisers with incompetency, and when Senator Hill replied in defense of the Administration and made an assertion of fact which was pertinent to the issue, Yancey denounced the statement as a lie, when Hill, who was an exceedingly passionate man, hurled a large glass inkstand at his opponent, who was distant from him about ten or twelve feet. The missile struck Yancey on the right side of his face and cut a fearful gash from the temple to the corner of his mouth. Senator Yancey was stunned by the blow and for a time almost insensible. He was conveyed to his rooms and, when able to travel, went to his home at Montgomery, Alabama, where he died in 1863. He never returned to Richmond, and it was reported that he died from the wound inflicted by Senator Hill. This, however, was not true, as death occurred more than a year afterward and from general ill health, aggravated, doubtless, by anxiety and disappointment. I happened to be in Montgomery on the day he was buried, being detained there by a break in the railroad communication east of that city. When standing upon the steps of the hotel conversing with the proprietor, a hearse containing the body of William L. Yancey passed along the deserted street followed by two or three carriages in which were his family and a few intimate friends. There was no public demonstration and but little attention was paid to the procession. It was a sad commentary upon the vicissitudes of human ambition. The Southern people had become so familiar with death and were so much engrossed in the misfortunes brought upon them by the disastrous war that the funeral of this great orator, whose burning words had fired the Southern heart and done much to cause the secession of the Southern States, attracted no more attention in the community where he lived than that of the humblest and most obscure citizen.

Louis T. Wigfall

THE third member of the distinguished triumvirate which opposed Mr. Davis was Louis T. Wigfall, of Texas. He was a typical Southern Democrat of the ante-bellum days and believed that John C. Calhoun was the greatest statesman who had ever appeared in American politics. Wigfall had great talent and good impulses, but he was an extremist in all his opinions, and impatient of any discipline or restraint. He was a member of the Provisional Congress of the Confederate States and a Brigadier-General in the Confederate Army for a short time, but then became a member of the Confederate Senate and remained in that body until the close of the war. He was very hostile to Mr. Davis and believed that his election as President was a great disaster to the Confederate cause. There was something in the institution of slavery which made the slave-owner haughty, proud and impatient of discipline. The boy accustomed to the civility of an inferior race and taught to look upon the negro slaves as mere chattels, naturally and logically became arbitrary and averse to being controlled in any way. Wigfall was a type of the old slave-holding class, and his dislike to the North was honest but unreasonable. I remember a conversation he had with me at Richmond the day after the surrender of Norfolk, when the Richmond Examiner, a paper very inimical to Mr. Davis, had a leading editorial stating that the day before had been a most important one in the history of the Confederacy. "It witnessed," said the Examiner, "the destruction of the Merrimac, the evacuation of Norfolk and the baptism of our President." In commenting upon this editorial Wigfall walked up and down in his committee-room on military affairs and in a very excited way referred to the disastrous result of the war. He said it was a great misfortune that Davis had defeated Toombs at Montgomery for the office of President. "If Toombs had been elected, the Confederates would have been in Washington City or hell within sixty days. We might have gone," he declared, "to the latter place, but it would have been at least a great saving in money and blood. When Davis was made President it meant a war of endurance and exhaustion, which was bound to terminate in the success of the United States. I had never believed nor said," he continued, "that one Southern man could whip ten Yankees, but I believed, and have frequently declared, that the Southern people were in the beginning superior to the North as soldiers on account of our being trained from boyhood to the use of firearms and horseback riding, while the Northern people, though equally brave, had been corrupted by the greed for money and did not have the individuality and self-pride which characterized the Southern soldiers. Grant was right when he declared, in discussing the subject of the exchange of prisoners, that the North could lose ten men and the South one with mathematical certainty that the North would eventually win. Our only chance to succeed in this war," said Wigfall, "was through the dash and *élan*, as the French term it, of the Southern soldiers, but Davis, with his West Point tactics, has ruined us. I do not accuse him of infidelity to the Southern cause nor that he lacks courage, but I do not believe that he was the sort of President we ought to have chosen. He would mount the scaffold without fear, but that would do the Confederacy no good.

"When Lincoln was elected President," said Wigfall, "and Davis and myself were serving in the United States Senate, I asked for a conference between the Senators from the Southern States, Jesse D. Bright, of Indiana, who was in all essentials one of our number, being invited to be present. After the caucus had met I submitted the following proposition: that when the votes of the States were placed before the joint session of the Senate and House of Representatives to be counted, as the Constitution provided, five Senators, myself being one of the number, should seize the returns and carry them into an adjoining committee-room, where they should be destroyed. This being done, the result of the election could not be declared, as the only copies of these returns were required to be deposited with the Secretary of State in each State, and there was no provision in the Constitution for the use of these copies if the originals sent to Washington were not produced. In order to prevent interference by the Capitol police or any United States soldiers at Washington, I offered to bring from Baltimore, where I was well acquainted, five hundred determined Southern men, well armed and without fear, who would be present in the galleries and corridors of the House ready for any emergency. If this had been done a government *de facto* could have been organized and proclaimed, which would have caused the recognition of the Confederacy by foreign nations. The only two Senators who agreed to join me were Jefferson Davis and Jesse D. Bright, all the others declaring the scheme to be impracticable and dangerous."

BRIGADIER-GENERAL L. T. WIGFALL

Wild and desperate as Wigfall's proposition certainly was, there is no doubt about his having made it, for he was a born revolutionist and ready for any action which would prevent the inauguration of Lincoln.

The last time I saw Wigfall was at the Democratic National Convention which nominated Greeley, and of which I was a member. He sent his card in to me, and on going out to see him his first remark was that we ought to nominate "Spotted Tail" for President and then adjourn. He died some months afterward at Galveston, Texas, a disappointed and hopeless man.

The career of Ben Hill in the House of Representatives and Senate of the United States added much to his fame as an orator and debater. His answer to Blaine in the House, when the "Plumed Knight" attacked the Confederate Government for its treatment of Federal prisoners, was eloquent and logical. It made him a member of the United States Senate, and he delivered in that body a speech which I consider one of the greatest ever heard in either branch of Congress. He spoke in 1879 on the amendments to the military appropriation bill prohibiting use of troops at the polls, and for three hours and a quarter I was so completely hypnotized as to make it necessary for me to use some exertion when he quit speaking to throw off the spell that was upon me. I had heard Senator Hill speak frequently, but never so eloquently as on this occasion. He was not always an orator, but sometimes was dull and uninteresting. When not aroused by some great question he had an air of insincerity which detracted much from his influence as a speaker. He paid little attention to his record for consistency, and was often criticised for speaking on one side and then voting on the other. In the speech to which I have alluded he confessed that he was opposed to secession and had argued against it in the Georgia Convention, of which he was a member, but that when he found an immense majority of the convention against him he voted finally for the ordinance of secession. In his reply the next day Senator Blaine said that Senator Hill reminded him of the boy who, finding his father assaulted by some ruffians, who were beating him to death, struck the old man himself in order to put him out of his misery.

Lamar always expressed some doubt about Hill's sincerity on public questions, and, when his health had become very poor, I heard a conversation between him and Hill which furnished evidence of this opinion. Lamar was lying upon a sofa in the Democratic cloak-room when Hill came in from the Senate chamber and said, "Lamar, get up and make one of your old-time speeches." Lamar shook his head and Hill then said, "Well, if you are determined to die, you may be certain that I will deliver such a eulogy on you as was never before heard in the Capitol." Lamar replied, "Don't say that, Hill, for I want you to vote for the usual resolutions of regret."

Senator Hill was not a great leader but as a debater and lawyer he had few equals.

* * *

A Significant Silence

THE Honorable Hilary A. Herbert, for a long time a Representative in Congress from Alabama, and Secretary of the Navy under President Cleveland, is now engaged in the practice of law in Washington.

Not long ago Mr. Herbert had occasion to call upon a certain official of the Treasury Department whose softly-modulated voice has gained him the designation "the silent one."

The messenger to this official stopped Mr. Herbert as he was going into the room, saying that the officer was not in.

"Oh, yes, he is," said Mr. Herbert, "he's in there," and he pointed to the room, the inside of which was not visible from where he stood.

"But, sir, but," began the bewildered messenger, "how do you know that?"

"Because," chuckled Mr. Herbert, "it's so confoundedly still in there!"

PHOTO. BY C. M. BELL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

BEN HILL

How De Pachmann Plays Chopin

Containing His Own Account of His Own Special Methods

By William Armstrong

VLADIMIR DE PACHMANN

DE PACHMANN, after thirty years of exhaustive study, has a method of playing Chopin that is exclusively his own. Many have asked him the secret of it in vain. One afternoon lately he told me how he produced certain of his effects. To the pianist this knowledge will prove of decided interest, for many have tried in one way or another to get at the secret of his marvelously delicate performances.

De Pachmann was in the midst of a successful series of recitals in London when I got a note saying that he would receive me one afternoon. He stops at a little French hotel in Golden Square, a faded part of London.

His greeting was scarcely an assurance of success. "You want me to tell you how I make my effects in playing Chopin. I should be paid for interviews, and I should not tell you *that* even then. I am sixty and I shall soon be dead, and it will be well."

This was a cheerful beginning for both.

Mark Twain once jocosely told the Vienna correspondent of the London Times that he would willingly be interviewed, but it would cost his paper $3000. The correspondent was uncertain as to whether or not the humorist was joking. He was not, but the correspondent knew him only by his professional reputation. Mr. De Pachmann left no ground for any such quandary.

"What have you there?" he asked, eying my notebook.

"The questions I wanted to ask you."

"What are they?"

"Why should I bother you with them if you have no intention of answering?"

"Tell me the first?"

"It is about Beethoven."

"Beethoven and Brahms I would throw into the chimney as far as their piano compositions are concerned. They did not write for the piano, only Bach, Chopin and Schumann wrote for the piano. Brahms' piano things are in the organ style; they are not for the piano. I have the greatest reverence for Beethoven's orchestral compositions and string quartettes, but not his piano things. No, I would throw them into the chimney."

If this was not Chopin it was at least interesting. His meaning was perfectly clear. He was judging the piano compositions of Beethoven from the point of the purely pianistic as compared with Chopin, the composer of all others who wrote for the piano as the piano.

"I would throw them into the chimney," he reiterated, fixing his eye on a Japanese butterfly screen fastened insecurely in the grate.

"What other questions have you?" he asked with the naive curiosity that is accredited to six years oftener than to sixty.

"Read another," was the command. "Another," "another," and so we went through the list.

When they were exhausted he said, "Why don't you put those questions to ——? He is my dearest friend, my god in music. What do you think of him?"

"That he is wonderfully dexterous and marvelously empty-headed."

"Do you?" said Mr. De Pachmann with animation. "Come up to my sitting-room and I will show you how I play Chopin."

A Recital for an Audience of One

DE PACHMANN took his place at the piano, I seated myself in a chair by the window. The big green trees in the square rustled in a fresh breeze. Liszt once explained the meaning of the rubato in playing Chopin, a fluttering and variation of the tempo, by just such an example: "The tree-trunks stand firm, the leaves flutter variably—the time is held, but there is a hastening and slackening of the tempo."

Nocturne followed nocturne, then came the Cradle Song, and the Polonaise in C Sharp Minor. It was a recital to the treetops and an audience of one. Across the way the red brick houses, weather stained and toppling, made a sounding-board that reflected the music. De Pachmann played on for nearly an hour without interruption, going from one thing to another. The soft, insinuating, liquid quality of tone, the delicate embellishments wonderfully soft but vibrant, kept steadily on. De Pachmann was another man; temper, curiosity, childish naiveté had been left for the moment below stairs.

Take the hero behind the gun away from the smell of the powder and how often he behaves in affairs with the judgment of a boy of ten. Music is not the only profession that furnishes unconscious humorists to the world. Still it is only justice to the musical artist to acknowledge that he contributes his share. Sometimes the musical and the unmusical join forces in this aspect of things. Take the case of the lady in a remote city on her first meeting with De Pachmann. "How beautifully you play," she said effusively. "Do you sing?"

The pianist turned his back on her. "Do I sing?" he echoed satirically. "Does she think—with *that* mind?"

"In playing Chopin all lies in the fingering," said De Pachmann presently, talking as he played. "How many have cunningly watched me do these same things to find out how I did them. Did they find out? Scarcely; they would not have kept on playing with such a hard tone afterward if they had. It has taken me thirty years to study out these things for myself. Let them do the same. Why should I give away my bread? I am sixty and I shall soon be dead; it is well. In two years I hope to go to America," he added quickly, softening the prophecy of a fading mortality.

"But in Chopin all lies in the fingering. In playing his music pianists get hard, brilliant effects, when they should have the singing, velvety delicacy that Chopin requires. They use the wrong fingers. The fingered editions of his works are full of errors in this direction. I very early found out that if I played Chopin as he demanded to be played I must study out my own fingering. Hour after hour I have tried first one way then another, until I got the quality of tone and the legato that I wished.

"I do not use the first finger in playing passages where a delicate effect is needed. The first finger is too heavy—too harsh. I use the middle finger instead. Then I get the quality of tone that I want.

"Now the stroke on the inner side of the finger and the stroke on the outer give two distinct tone qualities. Look at this!" De Pachmann's hand was bent inward and perfectly relaxed. "This stroke on the inner side of the finger is the violin, on the outer it is the flute in tone quality.

"The true artist can give such variety of tone to a simple five-finger exercise that he can make it beautiful. But how many play five-finger exercises over and over like machines until they have taken their daily allowance of mechanism. Listen to every tone that you play, and above all, listen if you would play Chopin.

Something that Will Please M. Godowsky

"WHAT an artist Rubinstein was in the study of tone! The first theme of Schumann's Fantaisie, opus 17, is only five notes, but how he played those five notes!

"But Rubinstein is dead. I am the greatest living pianist, Godowsky is next, Rosenthal is perhaps the third, and Paderewski fourth. I am the greatest, but Godowsky is next. Don't forget to print that; it would please him to know that I said so." I promised.

The playing went on for a time without interruption.

"Let me show you how I trill," the pianist broke in presently. "Bend the first finger until it is the length of the thumb that they may be even. Then trill almost on the nail. There you have a Chopin trill.

"In playing octaves I find a much better effect gained by the use of the thumb and little finger than by alternating the third and fourth fingers on the top notes in the Liszt style of playing.

"There you have some of my Chopin secrets—touch and tone, quality, octaves, and the trill. I have never told these to any one before.

"There is yet another thing. In playing passages marked for both hands, with the top note to be struck by the left hand crossing the right, a much better effect is made by taking with the left hand the lowest note marked for the right. This makes it possible for the top note to be struck by the right, a crossing of the hands being avoided. A small thing, apparently, but it is the small things in the sum of a great total that go to make a proper performance of Chopin and of all composers.

The Eternal Greatness of Bach

"THE artist's genius is not genuine until he can comprehend Bach. To play Bach is to play the piano. His compositions are drops of pure gold. In Bach you must read between the lines; he is a little obscure here and there, but the more you understand him the more you see his infinite greatness.

"Technically, Bach is now better played than ever, but the spirit of his work remains unchanged. It demands the same spirit in its interpretation now that it has always done; there is no new way of playing it, no matter what is said about a modern interpretation. Three composers I hold as writers for the piano, in the perfect style of its demands: Bach, Chopin, Schumann."

But as we said good-by Mr. De Pachmann suddenly changed his mind—he was not willing that his Chopin ideas should be printed. Here was a situation. We had spent two full hours in our work in the midst of a busy season with pressing demands on every moment.

"Why should I give away my bread? I am old; I shall soon——" he began. "Come to me when you return from Paris, then we will talk about generalities."

We did. When we had finished I asked, "But the things that you told me about your Chopin playing?"

"Print them all," he said promptly.

Wild Birds Made Tame

SEVERAL species of ducks hitherto regarded as wild are now being domesticated in various parts of the United States—notably the wood-duck and pin-tail. Eventually, no doubt, they will interbreed with the common farm stocks, giving rise to new and valuable varieties.

The domestication of such birds, as a rule, is easily accomplished. Of course, the remote ancestors of our farmyard ducks were wild birds, and it is to be presumed that they were brought under control by the simple expedient of taking the eggs from the nest and hatching them. Or, on occasions, the birds themselves were captured and kept in confinement.

Our American farmyard ducks seem to have been derived chiefly from the wild mallard, and the most familiar domesticated variety retains the green head and bright metallic green feathers on the wings which are characteristic of the extant wild breed. The Muscovy duck is much like its wild progenitor, which ranges over Eastern Europe. Recently a flock of twenty Canada geese descended out of the sky upon a pond in Central Park, New York City, where four or five of the same species, tamed, were swimming about. By an ingenious stratagem they were captured, and, with the primary feathers of their wings clipped, they still remain there. It is believed by naturalists that this kind of goose might be very profitably domesticated, and without much difficulty.

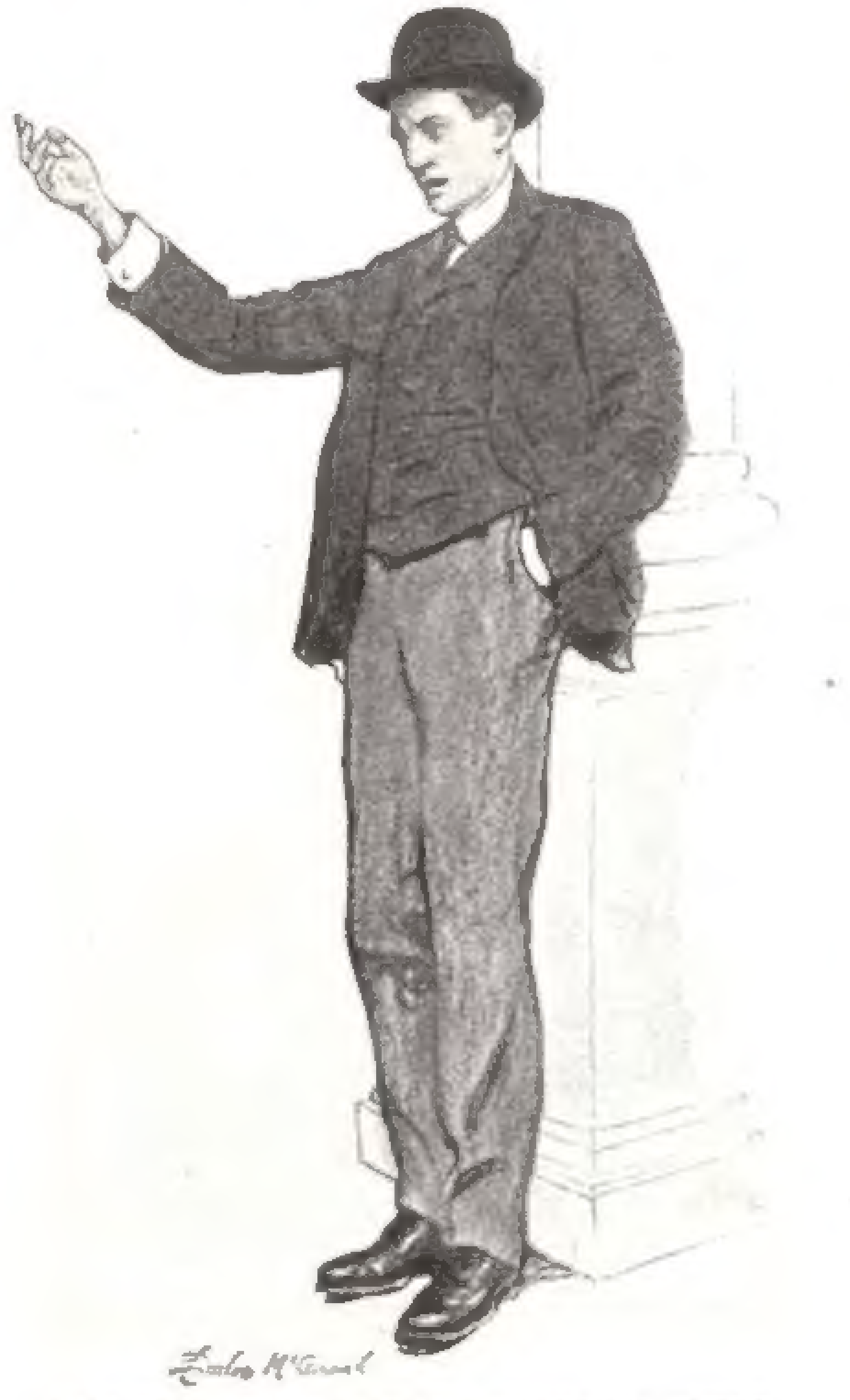
There are about twenty recognized varieties of domesticated geese, and most of these are supposed to be descended from the wild Graylag goose, which is a bird of wide range, being found from Lapland to Northern Spain, and through Asia to China. It is native to the British Isles, where it used to breed freely in the marshy and fenny countries. When young it was caught in large numbers and domesticated.

The wild goose lays six or seven eggs, and builds its nest in reeds or heather. Like the duck and the hen, it has increased its egg-production largely under domestication. The largest of domesticated geese is the Toulouse goose, a pair of male birds of that variety commonly weighing as much as fifty pounds.

For Surrogate: James Burke

A Story of Practical Politics

By William Hamilton Osbourne



HE DEMANDED HIS RIGHTS: THAT'S ALL THERE WAS TO IT

THE Honorable Jimmy Burke, a college graduate, a lawyer and a politician, walked slowly toward his home. He was dog-tired. He was glad when finally he saw at the end of a small street the little two-story brick house where he and young Mrs. Jimmy and little Jimmy Burke all lived and moved and had their being. It rested him in advance to know that inside of two minutes he should be seated in the low steamer chair in the front room, stretching his long legs out before him, and listening to that which Mrs. Jimmy and little Jimmy had to say. Another moment brought him to his destination. He stopped an instant on the street to address a very diminutive specimen of mankind clothed in a last year's overcoat that was much too small. He caught this young man up, and holding him in his arms, sprang with him up the steps.

"Well, small sir," he remarked, "hello!"

"Hello yourself!" returned the youngster, making a surreptitious investigation — and a successful one — of Jimmy's pockets. The two Jimmies, entering by virtue of the elder Jimmy's latchkey, forthwith ascended to the upper floor. And there was Mrs. Jimmy. In five minutes more the Honorable Jimmy's legs were well stretched out, and he was well sprawled out in the low, long steamer chair.

"Any news from Hinchcliffe?" he asked anxiously of Mrs. Jimmy. "I expected something at the office, and I tried to find him, but couldn't, so I thought he might have sent word to me here."

Mrs. Jimmy shook her head. She did not look at Jimmy as she did it. Instead, she looked at the western sky that lit her face and hair with its faint glow and made her very beautiful in Jimmy's eyes. She was very young and very pretty and she was the Honorable Jimmy's wife and the little Jimmy's mother — and all these things made the heart of the Honorable Jimmy glad. He stretched out his hand and clasped hers with a sort of courtly grace, and pressed it to his lips. This was home, at any rate, and he was glad of it. But still Mrs. Jimmy Burke looked at the glowing western sky. Jimmy sighed.

"I ought to have heard from Hinchcliffe," he repeated. "But I guess it's all right, anyway. He said it was, and ——"

His wife turned and seized the evening paper. Then she sat down on the arm of Jimmy's chair.

"I — I thought, Jimmy," she began in a troubled voice, "that I'd better keep it from you until after dinner — but it's only right that you should know it now. See what the paper says."

Her young husband, puzzled by her manner, seized the paper and read. She had pointed to a small paragraph on the second page, which was decorated with a large headline. The paragraph was very brief. It read as follows:

> Mayor Powelson, just before the close of last night's meeting, handed to the Council the name of the man he had chosen for City Attorney. The Common Council immediately announced its unanimous approval. The appointee is F. Mackay Hallowell. Mr. Hallowell was admitted to the bar two years ago. He is the son-in-law of Peter F. Kling, of the P. F. Kling Brewing Company. The salary has been raised to $4000 per year.

The Honorable James Burke read this paragraph through to the end. Then he read it once more. Then he looked at his young wife.

"Oh, Jimmy!" she said, her voice trembling with sympathy and disappointment — disappointment on his account. Burke rose to his feet and crumpled the paper in his hand.

"Kitty," he exclaimed, "confound those fellows. That was my job — mine. You know it. They promised it to me. Hinchcliffe swore he'd let me have it. He ——" His voice suddenly rose to a high pitch. "Kitty," he half screamed, "they — they've done me — the scoundrels. And just when we needed the money, too. And Hallowell," he went on, "Hallowell — for city attorney. Hallowell!"

He buttoned up his coat. "I'm going out, Kitty," he announced. His wife touched his arm. "Have some dinner first," she said. But James Burke shook his head. "Not a mouthful," he answered. "I couldn't if I tried. I'm going to sift this thing to the bottom before I sleep a wink or eat another meal. Good-by."

He stooped and kissed her and patted the youngster on the head. "If you only had an overcoat," she interposed; "you need it. The next money we can spare ——" Burke shook his head. "I couldn't wear one to-night if I had it," he replied. "Confound those fellows. That's a trick of Hinchcliffe's. He's promised me — a dozen times. And now ——" He plunged down the narrow flight of stairs, strode into the open air and rushed down the street. At the corner he caught a trolley car that was whizzing past. He stood on the platform. He couldn't sit inside.

"Waverley Avenue," he said to the conductor. At Waverley Avenue he alighted. It was the aristocratic dwelling district of Monroe. He walked a block and a half and touched the bell of a large brownstone house.

"Senator in?" queried Jimmy Burke. The butler nodded.

"Tell him Mr. Burke wants to see him, will you — James Burke."

The Senator, a portly man, was at his dinner. But he had made his way by being gracious. He was a born politician, and it was his habit to be at home to everybody, all the time. He had even risen from his bed at midnight to patch up the troubles of some minor henchman. That was one reason why he was Senator. He saw the Honorable Jimmy Burke. They shook hands.

"Senator," said Jimmy, referring to a clipping in his hand, "young Hallowell has got the city attorneyship — so the paper says. Am I right?"

"That's right," said the Senator; "what of it?"

"Everything of it," returned Jimmy; "it's my job. It was promised to me. I was entitled to it. I want to know what this means."

The Senator deprecatingly spread out his hands. "This is the first I've heard of it, Burke," he said; "who promised you?"

"Hinchcliffe," returned Burke; "who else could it be?"

The Senator frowned. "Hinchcliffe," he mused; "why, he was the very man who dictated Hallowell's appointment. Have you seen the Mayor? He can tell you how it came about."

"What's the Mayor got to do with it?" replied Burke, rising to his feet. "I've got nothing against him. He does as he's told and so does the Council. This thing lies between Hinchcliffe and you — and Hinchcliffe's done me." He paced up and down the room. "Senator Johnson," he exclaimed, "you know me and you know that I'm no slouch. You know that I've worked tooth and nail for the party. You know what I've done to keep the organization together. Here up to last fall there hasn't been a man out of our organization elected in the city or county for the last five years. Last fall Powelson got in by the skin of his teeth. And do you know why he got in? Of course you do. Because harmony was restored in the Fifth Ward — that's why. And you don't have to go a hundred miles to find the man that did it, either. That man is Jimmy Burke, of the Fifth. And Hinchcliffe promised me that job, and I can fill it, and I need the money — and then, you people throw me down. And I want to know the reason why."

The Senator looked troubled, but he wasn't. He rarely made promises. When he did he kept them. But he had made no promises in this case and he knew it, and Jimmy Burke knew it. What the Senator did know about the appointment of Hallowell he kept to himself.

"You'll have to see Hinchcliffe," he insisted. "He's the man. He knows and I don't. I supposed it was Hallowell all the way through — and I never heard of your name once for the place. See Hinchcliffe."

Whether Hinchcliffe was keeping out of the way or not, certain it is that Burke did not locate him until eleven o'clock that night. At that hour, when Hinchcliffe strolled into the organization club, he found the Honorable Jimmy grimly waiting for him. Hinchcliffe was a man with grizzled hair, a big chin and a hard mouth. He had a colorless complexion and invariably had the appearance of one who had just been shaved. He always smoked. He was clean and well dressed. Jimmy thrust the clipping under his nose.

"I want to know what this means," he insisted. "You promised this to me — not once but a dozen times. What does it mean?"

Hinchcliffe led the way into an inner room. "Come in here," he said. "What's the trouble?" The Honorable James Burke snorted in disgust. "Four thousand a year's the trouble," he exclaimed — "that and a job that's a stepping-stone to something bigger. It was mine, and you gave it away and sold me. And I want to know what you've got to say about it. That's the trouble."

Hinchcliffe lit a fresh cigar. "Jimmy," he said, "were you entitled to that job? Were you? Think about it."

"You promised me," broke in Burke. Hinchcliffe held up his hand. "I know it," he replied; "I promised it to you — and a couple of other men besides. I admit it. I had to promise. That ain't the point. Were you entitled to it? That's the question."

"Wasn't I?" answered Burke hotly. "Didn't I elect Powelson? Don't you know I did? The hundred and three extra votes that I wrenched out of the Fifth put him through — and you know it. Was I entitled to it! I was entitled to more. But because I'm a youngster, and can't shove my chin out like some of you fellows ——"

Again Hinchcliffe held up his hand. "Easy, Jimmy," he said. "Easy. Keep your temper. Don't forget the motto: The organization before everything. I promised you, all right. You're right there. But that slip up of Handy's put us wise. We needed another anchor to windward. You took notice of the name of the new attorney? Well, did you take notice of the name of his father-in-law? Is it Kling, Jimmy, or isn't it? Well, now you know. Hallowell went in because we had to throw a sop to Kling. We had to throw a sop to Kling in order to stand in better with the brewers. And we had to stand in with the brewers because we needed the influence of a few more saloons in town. And therefore — Hallowell. If you'd married a brewer's daughter ——"

"Never mind that," said Burke hotly.

Hinchcliffe blew a ring of smoke into the air. "And so it came to this, Jimmy," he went on, "it isn't what's been done in the past — it's what's going to happen in the future. That's the ticket, Jimmy. We're thankful for past favors, but they're past and gone. We've got to look out for what's comin'. And Hallowell is the man who stands in with just the right kind, even though he does belong to the silk stocking crowd. He belongs to Peter F. Kling, and that's more to the purpose." He waved his hand. "Now, Jimmy," he said, "that's all there is to it. Your day's coming — it'll come, all right. You know that. But promises can't stand in the way of a good thing, and this was a good thing."

Burke buttoned up his coat. "Hinchcliffe," he said, "what does it mean to an organization when a man runs way ahead of his ticket every time he is put up — and you've put me up twice as a sacrifice candidate, and I've run and I've run well, and you know it, notwithstanding the inevitable defeats that followed. What does it mean when a man controls, as I did two months ago, just a few men on whom everything depended, and gave the organization its first show in years? What does it mean? That's what I want to know."

Hinchcliffe nodded. "It means a good deal, Jimmy," he answered.

"Then," continued Jimmy, "what will it mean if that man turns his back on the organization and clears out? The men who do real work are few and far between, and I'm one of them, and ——"

Hinchcliffe placed his hand on Burke's arm. "No you won't, Jimmy," he said in a conciliatory voice; "no you won't. You're an organization man, and you'll stick to the organization. That's what you'll do. I know you like a book. You won't make a break—not you."

Jimmy Burke smote the table with his hand. "By George! Hinchcliffe," he exclaimed, "I'll give you just one more chance—just one. And if you turn me down again I'll do my worst, see if I don't."

He looked long and steadily at Hinchcliffe. "Understand?" he said. Hinchcliffe nodded. "All right," he answered. Jimmy Burke turned on his heel and left the room. Hinchcliffe lit a fresh cigar.

Burke let himself into the house and climbed wearily up the short flight of stairs. Mrs. Jimmy was waiting for him.

"Well?" she said, glancing anxiously at him.

Jimmy looked at her. "I'm tired," he answered, "dog tired. Hallowell's the man. It's done and I can't help it. We'll have to get along the best way we can."

Young Mrs. Burke smiled. "We can get along somehow," she said; "won't you come downstairs and eat some supper. I left some for you, and it's all ready. Come."

Jimmy shook his head. "I can't eat anything," he said.

Two months later Jimmy Burke sat closeted with Hinchcliffe. "Hinchcliffe," said Burke, "I won't talk to you. I won't discuss a thing unless the boss is on hand to hear it. I told you that and I mean it." Hinchcliffe whirled in his chair and seized the telephone.

"Six thirty-eight West End," he said. A minute later he swung about again. "Put on your hat," he commanded; "the Senator will see us now."

The Senator did see them. And when he saw them there was a glance of understanding between the Senator and Hinchcliffe that told Jimmy much. Jimmy had thought the thing over. He understood the situation. These men proposed to get out of him all that they could, and concede him only what was absolutely necessary. But they understood the situation. Burke was worth something, and they knew it. He was a hard worker and he was well liked. Beyond that he was a man of a high order of intelligence. He was well educated and yet he understood mankind. And they had used him—and to good purpose, too.

"What do you want?" queried Senator Johnson.

"I want," replied Burke, "a good place on the city ticket for next fall."

The Senator demurred—apparently on Burke's account. "All the good offices were up last November, Mr. Burke. There's nothing left."

Burke smiled. He placed his finger on a list. "There's the Tax Collector at $3500. He goes in this time. It isn't much of a job, but it's a living, and I need it. But I need it more than all because it's the stepping-stone to something better. Give me a foothold, and I can do something."

Hinchcliffe and the Senator put their heads together. "Sorry, Mr. Burke," they finally announced, "but this place is pledged to Ohlmann, the leader of the Germans on the hill. We've promised it."

"You—you've what?" asked Jimmy.

"Promised it to Ohlmann," said Hinchcliffe.

"Oh," returned Jimmy with a grim smile; "promised—promised it. I didn't understand. That's the job I want, though," he added; "I can be elected."

The Senator turned to Burke. "Mr. Burke," he said, "will you excuse us for a few moments." Burke nodded and stepped into the hall. Finally he was summoned.

The Senator addressed him. "Now, Mr. Burke," he said, in a manner more curt and short and sharp than usual, "we're going to do our best for you. Understand? Our very best."

"Exactly," said Burke, somewhat unconvinced.

"We're going to put you on the county ticket."

"What!" yelled Burke. "What! The county ticket! Why, you haven't elected a man on the county ticket for ten years, and what's more, you won't elect one for ten years more. The county ticket!"

The other turned upon him sharply. "Never mind that, sir. We're doing our best—our very best. See? That's all there is to it. We're going to give you the best job on the ticket. We'll put you up for Surrogate—an office that yields you in fees at least thirty thousand a year. Not a cent less. It'll be the head of the ticket next fall. It's a good job, and there's a chance——"

"There's no chance," interrupted Burke; "there's not a chance in a hundred of my election, and as for thirty thousand a year in fees—that's all right. That's what it pays now, but you know as well as I do that this legislature is going to make every fee office a salaried one, and if the next Surrogate gets five thousand a year allotted to him he's lucky. You people are only giving me a ghost of a show as it is, and even then it's not at anything that's gilt-edged.

"Senator Johnson—and Hinchcliffe," he said ten minutes later, "you've got the whip hand in this thing. Hinchcliffe has said that I'm an organization man. I am. I'm for harmony. I'll accept your offer, though the only thing I will get out of it is the certainty of running ahead of the defeated ticket; that's all. Our party can't elect a man on the county ticket. I'll take it. But I wouldn't do that even if it were not for the fact that I'm just able to keep my head above water. I can get along. I'm a lawyer by profession, but politics has been my business. I've scraped along somehow. Some day I hope to win out. I'll take you at your word. I'll run for Surrogate and make the best run I can. And I'm to be nominated at the convention in July—and that is understood?"

"That," said the Senator positively, "is understood." And Hinchcliffe nodded in assent.

It was but some four weeks later that Hinchcliffe and the Senator met on the corner of a street. Hinchcliffe was reading from a paper. "What do you think, Senator?" he queried; "the legislature seems to be all through with the salary bills, and they've changed the County Clerk's office up here, and the Sheriff, and the Register, from the big fee system to small salaries—but, by George! they've left out the office of Surrogate. That still remains a fee office, and I know it's worth $40,000 a year if it's worth a cent."

The Senator took off his hat and scratched his head. "That's some more of Colehammer's work," he replied. Colehammer was the party leader and the party boss of the opposing political persuasion. "Colehammer's in that somehow. That's what it is—but what's he doing it for, anyway. He's a sly old devil. And crooked as a ram's horn."

The Senator spoke truth. Colehammer was crooked, and the difficulty was that everybody knew it. Colehammer had a record that had been heralded from the housetops. The difference between him and the Senator was that the Senator's accomplishments had *not* been heralded from the housetops. Colehammer, however, was quite as much of a success as the leader of his own party as was Johnson of the other. But Colehammer was known to be dishonest while the other was believed to be the incarnation of honesty.

"Old Colehammer," smiled the Senator; "if he'd ever dared to he'd have run for office before this. But he can't do it—a man who leads a party can't be elected to any office—except, perhaps," he added with a smile, "that of United States Senator. He may get the State vote, but he can't control the local vote. That's what. By the way," he added, "how's that man Burke?"

Hinchcliffe smiled. "He's reconciled, all right," said Hinchcliffe; "he had to be."

Jimmy Burke, as he had said, had one great object in view. He wanted to earn future favor by running far ahead of his ticket. He began his canvass for the nomination, notwithstanding the edict of the boss apparently made such measure superfluous. But Burke understood his business. And from every ward club and organization he obtained the needless assurance of support. And during all the years that Jimmy Burke had worked, up to the present time, the rank and file had found out what manner of man he was—and they liked him. He had earned that most precarious of blessings—popularity.

The convention was to be held in July. Three weeks earlier young Mrs. Burke, who aforetime had placed in Jimmy's hand the disastrous paragraph referred to above, now handed him a paper containing an announcement the significance of which she little understood, but Jimmy, when he read it, stood upon his head for very joy—that is, he came near doing it. The paragraph appeared in Jimmy's organization paper—the organ of his party.

> A well-defined rumor—now confirmed—was circulated this afternoon to the effect that Colehammer, the one and only, will head his party ticket for the office of Surrogate. This is a bold move on the part of Colehammer, but a most disastrous one. Does he imagine for an instant that the people have forgotten the water works steal of 1891? And does not this explain the reason why the legislature handled the Surrogate's office with kid gloves when they passed the salary bills? Colehammer, who is the whole show so far as the legislature is concerned—Colehammer has his eye on nothing to do and $50,000 a year to get—for that's what the office of Surrogate means, and nothing less. Will he get it?

Jimmy Burke grasped his young wife in his arms. "Kitty," he screamed with as much vehemence as he had done on a former occasion. "It's come at last—at last." And so he thought.

The rumor was a true one. Colehammer thought he could make it. His party had been the party in county politics for years. The city of Monroe soon understood the situation and looked on with interest. Three men in particular did some tall thinking in connection with it. One of them was the Honorable James Burke. The other two were his party boss, the Senator, and the latter's henchman, Hinchcliffe. Jimmy worked with redoubled energy. And he kept away from the other two.

Late in July the convention met. The inner circle sat closeted in a side room. Unto them entered Jimmy Burke. "Let me see the slate," he demanded. The Senator handed it over carelessly. Jimmy looked at it with bulging eyes. He was looking at the office which led the rest. And this is what he read:

FOR SURROGATE:
Patrick J. Hinchcliffe

He tossed it down in front of the Senator. "I suppose there's an explanation goes with this?" he suggested. "Of course," returned the other. "When that blackguard Colehammer said he'd run on the other ticket we had to put our best man up to beat him."

"Any man could beat him," returned Jimmy Burke.

"The best man was entitled to beat him," said the Senator unmoved. "Hinchcliffe is our best man. Circumstances alter cases."

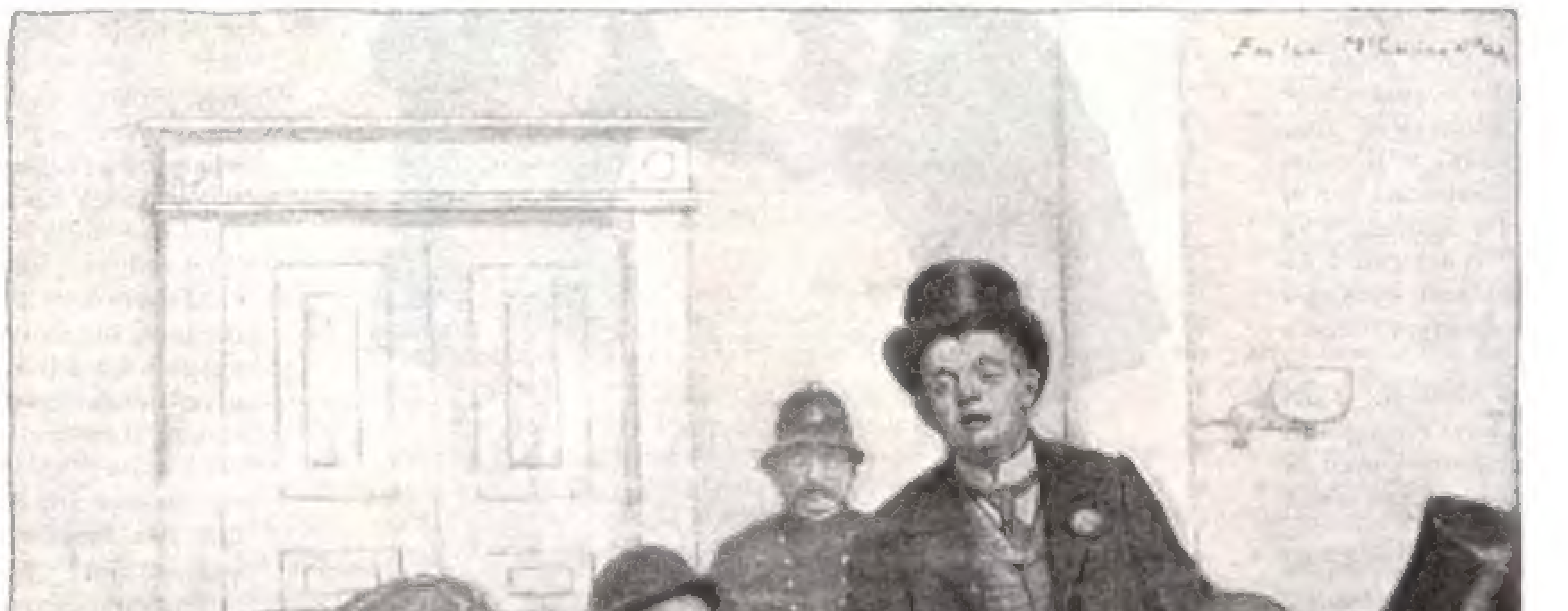
"I'm going to run for Surrogate," said Jimmy grimly. But his heart sank. He had expected this.

Outside they were reading the ticket. Everybody understood that it was to go—at least so thought the chairman. A delegate moved the nomination by acclamation. The nomination in question was for Surrogate, the head of the county ticket.

"Second the motion," said somebody else. At that moment the Honorable James Burke appeared at the door. Instantly there was a shout.

"Burke! Jimmy Burke!" shouted a score of delegates.

Inside, Hinchcliffe and the boss heard the shout. "What's that!" exclaimed the Senator. Outside, Jimmy Burke leaned


DRAWN BY ELLEN MC CONNELL

"GIVE IT TO JIMMY BURKE!"

against a pillar and with one hand in his trousers pocket and the other in the air—his favorite attitude—Jimmy Burke told his story. He demanded his rights; that's all there was to it. He looked across the hall—the majority of delegates were young men. Jimmy had seen to that. They were young, like himself. And they felt as he did. They were organization men, but they were fair. The convention didn't vote by acclamation. The motion was lost.

There were a hundred and one delegates, and a majority vote was essential. Jimmy didn't have a majority—he knew that. But Hinchcliffe and Burke were not the only candidates. There were two others. On the first ballot Jimmy had forty votes, Hinchcliffe forty-three, and the other candidates the balance. On the second, three of Jimmy's went over to Hinchcliffe, but some of the floaters came over to Jimmy. The other two candidates had a little nucleus that stood firm. Jimmy had seen to that. On the third Jimmy had forty-five votes. On the fourth he had forty-five. On the fifth, forty-five. On the sixth, forty-five. The excitement was intense.

In the rear of the room was a delegate who had imbibed. He was a Hinchcliffe man, but his emotions had been stirred.

On the seventh ballot, red of face and unsteady of limb, this genial delegate arose and faced the crowd. He waved his hand and yelled cordially: "Give it to Jimmy Burke, for he deserves it. Give it to Jimmy Burke!"

This gave Burke three more votes. And there they stood. Every ballot showed the same result. But Jimmy Burke was not through. A convention is not a convention until it is over. He took his place upon the rostrum. And he fought as for his life. For Jimmy was not thinking of himself alone—his thoughts were back in a little two-story house with its shabby furniture, and young Mrs. Jimmy and little Jimmy—and they were getting shabby, too; so thought the Honorable James Burke. And of all that crowd in front of him there was one man who kept his eye upon James Burke, and who drank in every word he said. This man finally rose and tapped Hinchcliffe on the arm. It was just after the thirty-third ballot. Hinchcliffe and the man retired.

"Hinchcliffe," said this man, "this office goes to Jimmy Burke. He's a man worth having, and we want him. You'll take the office next on the list. It's Jimmy Burke for Surrogate. Understand?"

"W-what?" gasped Hinchcliffe, "Jimmy Burke?"

"Exactly," said the other. "What I say goes, and that's what I say. Jimmy Burke goes on this ticket for that office. And that's all there is about it. See?"

This man was Senator Johnson. He had come to know the worth of the Honorable Jimmy Burke. And Jimmy Burke had forced the knowledge on him.

Three days after election the new Surrogate was sworn in. His name was Burke. Later he was closeted with the Senator. The Senator handed out a list. "You will appoint these men your assistants," he suggested. Burke smiled. He pulled out quite a different list.

"I *have* appointed *these* men my assistants," he observed. The Senator gasped. "What!" he exclaimed; "you're not going back on me." Burke frowned. "Senator Johnson," he exclaimed, "let us be candid. I owe you nothing. You broke every promise that was ever made to me. I went into a hostile convention when you opposed me and wrested from you the nomination which you refused me. I was not elected by the votes of my party. I was elected by the votes of Colehammer's party. I have been elected by no favor of yours. I am the incumbent of the richest office in the State. What more have you to say?"

Once more the Senator gasped. "But you—you're not going back upon your party—surely not?"

"Assuredly not," returned James Burke, "but you overlook one very important fact."

"What's that?" demanded the other.

"That," returned Jimmy Burke with a smile, "is that I am the party, and that you are not."

The following spring the Surrogate sat behind a spanking team of bays that he drove with his own hands. It was in the afternoon, and he was driving toward the setting sun. With him were his young wife and his young son. The sunset glow was upon their faces.

A Victoria passed. In it sat a man of portly figure. It was the Senator. He and the Surrogate bowed formally and gravely. As they did so, Burke's wife pinched his arm.

"Wasn't it," she exclaimed gleefully—"wasn't it a great piece of luck for us."

Jimmy Burke looked off toward the horizon. There were deeper lines in his face, and his hair had just begun to streak with gray.

"Luck," he answered with a sigh—"luck—but with a mighty sight of good hard work thrown in."

Toward the right, in the distance, stood a goodly house upon a knoll. The Honorable James Burke smiled with relief.

"Look," he said; "there's home."

Handshaking—A Fine Art

By David Graham Phillips

DOES the ordinary citizen, possessed of the ordinary inordinate personal vanity and of the ordinary inordinate consciousness that his family, friends and neighbors do not half appreciate him, wish a foretaste of elysium? Let him buy a round-trip ticket for Washington. Let him go there for a few days' visit. Just a few days, two or three—Keats never wrote more shrewdly than when he wrote of "Joy with his hand ever to his lips bidding adieu."

The rapture of this ordinary citizen at the Capital of the Republic will begin as soon as ever an acquaintance who lives there catches the first distant glimpse of him. He will halt and a look of gladdest welcome will come into his eyes. Then with cordial hand extended far in front of him he will rush forward. "*De*-lighted!" he will exclaim in impassioned accents. "What can I do for you?" And the warmth of his hand and eyes and voice will search out and rejoice Mr. Ordinary Citizen's inmost soul.

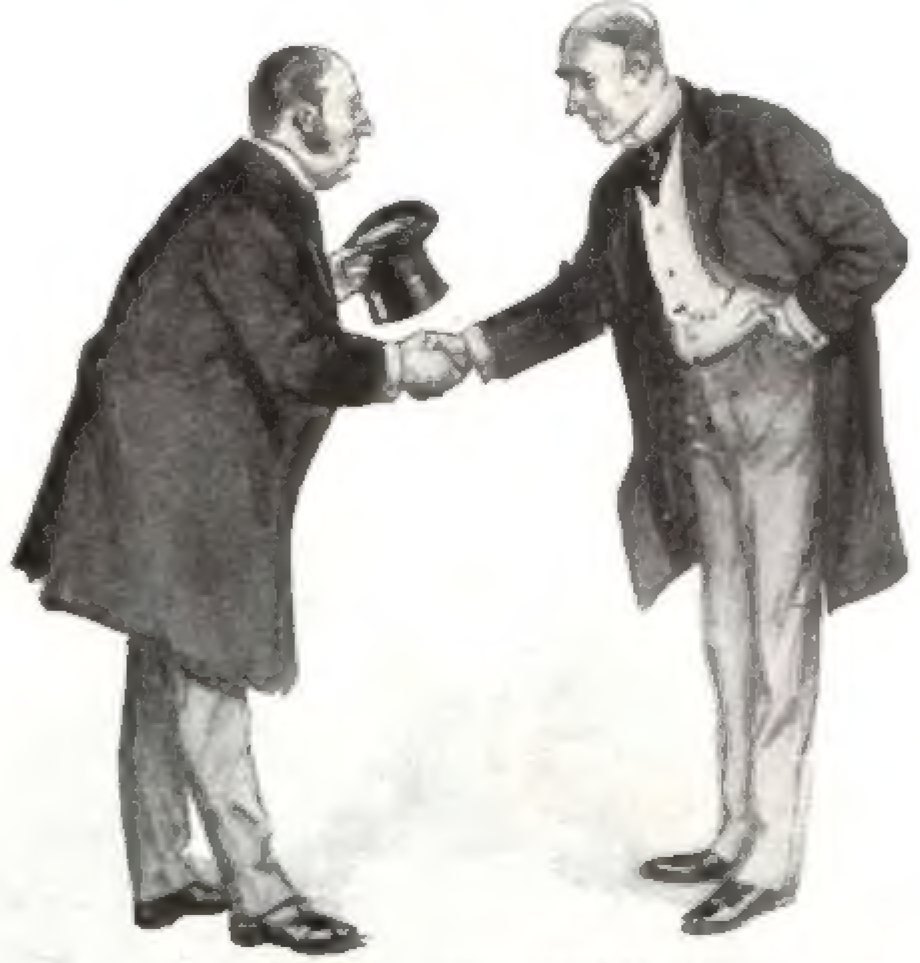
"At last a true friend!" he will say to himself. "At last one who knows how wise and good, how strong and influential I am. Ah, it takes the experienced men of the National Capital really to appreciate a man when they see one."

And as he and his acquaintance go about together his happiness steadily rises. When heads of departments, a Cabinet officer or so, a dozen Congressmen, half a dozen Senators have given him the "grand hailing sign" of the brotherhood of the truly great, Mr. Ordinary Citizen feels that of all his depreciators he himself has been the stupidest, the least appreciative. Everywhere it is the joyful hand, the beaming eye, the voice tremulous with glad emotion. Every one's time is at Mr. Ordinary Citizen's disposal. Every one says that he is madly busy about the most important concerns of the greatest government on earth, "but of course it is a pleasure and a duty to pause for a man like you."

When Mr. Ordinary Citizen, drunk to dizziness with these ecstasies of gratified personal vanity, reaches his hotel at night and sits him down to reflect on the day, perhaps a disquieting thought may come. He may say to himself, "But all these men are politicians, professional handshakers. They are simply 'jollying' me." This thought will vanish before he has had time closely to scan its ugly face.

For he will remember that of all the enthusiastic welcomes he received, the most enthusiastic were from those most highly placed. Where had he ever felt such a cordial yet profoundly respectful pressure of the hand as Mr. Secretary —— gave him? When had eyes been lighted up at sound of his name as did Senator ——'s? No, such men would not condescend to the ward politician's arts. No, the only explanation of his ovation not an insult to his new-found friends is that they penetrated to his character with their sagacious eyes, trained to reading the human mind and heart.

If Mr. Ordinary Citizen lingers longer than two or three days he begins to be cloyed with too much sweetness. He passes through a stage of suspicion, of self-contempt, of angry disdain of a "city of professional jolliers," and finally—if he have a saving grain of humor—reaches the stage where he understands Washington and does not take its weaknesses to heart. That is the time for him to fly. If he stays he becomes a "professional jollier" himself. The human animal is, its defective classes excepted, a true chameleon; it can't help taking its color from its environment.



"AT LAST A TRUE FRIEND!"

The Jolliers of Jolliers

BUT the really interesting part of this phase of Washington life is the effect of all these professional givers of the "grand hailing sign" upon each other. Cicero said that it was impossible for two augurs to pass each the other in the street without laughing each in the other's face. Not so our political fortune-tellers of the National Capital, high and low. When two or more of them meet, even though there be no lay spectators, they exchange the "grand hailing sign" with as much ceremony and enthusiasm as if they were posing on the public stage.

To keep in practice, you are saying? Not at all. They signal, they beam, they flatter, they expend one upon another the politician's arts, because they deceive each other and themselves.

It is one of the most curious and delightful facts of psychology that any one who habitually plays a game is more easily deceived at it than at any other. To swindle a gambler, use upon him not a new and ingenious bit of craft but some threadbare thimble-rig. To capture the siren, sing her a few bars of her own song. The men at Washington who are most easily deceived by what is in the street parlance known as "the glad hand" are those who by natural gift and by long and studied practice have made themselves marvelous experts at the game of "I'm the only true friend you ever had."

Herein lies the explanation of the triumphant success at Washington of the most patent practitioners of the arts that win at backwoods fairs and harvest homes. Don't carry coals to Newcastle? The reverse. Carry them there; cry them as diamonds and you will sell out soon and at high prices.

Very high up among the leaders of the Senate—perhaps the highest—stands a man who is notoriously the "smoothest" politician in Washington. Every politician there will tell you so. His frank, straightforward manner, his subtle way of making the man to whom he appeals for advice give the very advice he wishes him to give, his mastery of the art of ordering men about like sheep, they feeling the while that they are giving the orders—all these and many more points in his political equipment are daily admired by all his sheep. Does that fact impair his leadership, put men on their guard against him? By no means.

The men nearest him, those almost in what might be called his confidence, are those whom he fools the most completely. They say to themselves: "He has no secrets from me. I am too strong to yield to his power of hypnotic suggestion. Besides, he wouldn't dare try his tricks on such a fox as I."

A hundred times every man in both houses of Congress has been told how he always gets what he wants when he goes into conference with a committee of the House. Probably never does a House committee start for a conference with a Senate committee of which he is to be a member without each Congressman cautioning the others to "look out for Senator ——. You know how he fooled us last time." And what happens?

The committees assemble in joint session. The Senator concedes now graciously, now grumblingly, now with a careless wave of the hand, now with a look of dejection which suggests that that point was the one on which he had set his heart. This until there are only two or three points left for discussion. Then the Senator says—or has one of his Senatorial colleagues say for him: "Really, gentlemen of the House, you are yielding nothing to us, while we are yielding everything to you. How can we go back to the Senate and report that we have been beaten utterly—disgracefully routed?"

The House committeemen look significantly each at the others, as if saying: "Now, look out for the old trick." Then they fight harder than ever and concede only one point—obviously unimportant. And they go away laughing, and the Senator goes away quite chopfallen. And perhaps it isn't until several years have passed that they discover that carefully hid in the unimportant concession was just the piece of chicane which the Senator had set out to secure.

How did he do it? Not by superiority of intellect, for, like all men of intriguing mind, his intellect is not much above the commonplace. He won by playing the politician's game in its crudest form with such calm impudence that the wily politicians he was victimizing refused to believe the evidence of their own eyes.

But the Senator's victims can always console themselves. Not only are they a numerous company and therefore able to keep each other in countenance, but also the Senator is himself daily the victim of the practices he uses to such advantage. In many matters he is ludicrously susceptible to the game of "confidence." He is human—he has great personal vanity, an exalted opinion of his own shrewdness, a supercilious pity for the lack of astuteness of his fellow-beings. And where was there ever a "too smart" and "too sharp" fellow who didn't overreach himself? Some day, no doubt, along will come a man of his own stripe and of equal impudence, and the Senator will be "hoist with his own petard."

The colossal failures at Washington are men who have tried to play the politician's game when they are neither born nor bred to it. And these men are all persons of the highest distinction, recognized as men of power before they came to Washington.

As has been said above, the temptation to play the game of confidence at Washington is all but irresistible. The man whose game has theretofore been not diplomacy but directness fails to carry through some measure upon which he has set his heart. He studies his failure carefully and decides that it was due to his bluntness, his coldness. He waits until the next session, brings up his measure and goes about smiling and handshaking, giving luncheons here, drinks there, cigars in another quarter. He becomes desperate in his self-degradation and rushes eagerly to and fro, hysterically heaping outrages upon his sense of what is dignified and right. His measure is beaten worse than before and he is denounced on every hand as a man of no sincerity!

The cause of his catastrophe is twofold. He has not appreciated that though the vanity of the public man is inordinately large, it is also inordinately sensitive—it quivers with pain in every square inch of its vast expanse under the caress of an inexperienced hand. Also, he has not appreciated how difficult is the game of confidence, how deceptive is its apparent simplicity, how artful it is for all its absurd obviousness. Go to an East Side ball and watch a Tammany Hall district leader swaggering among the masses. You see that the people are half-laughing at him as he "jollies" them with the most patent purpose of getting something from them in exchange for the gilt worthlessness of an insincere smile. But you see also that they think him "a good fellow" and that he has won them. You don't know which to despise more—him with his shallow fooleries or the people he fools yet does not fool. But descend among those people and try to imitate him. You may have more real cordiality, more real love of your fellowman. You may use phrases and manners far adroiter than his. But you will be listened to with impatience, and will leave scowling or jeering faces in your wake.

The President as a Politician's Puzzle

THE most puzzling politician at Washington is the President himself. No man there has had a better political training than he. No man better understands the mechanism of machines, the power of bosses and its sources, the devious and corrupt minings and counter-minings which accompany the movements of political forces. No man excels him in that effervescent cordiality which makes human vanity blossom and smile like a rose in a bath of June sunshine. No man knows better how to hook a buttonhole and engage a private ear with confidences that could be proclaimed from the Monument through megaphones without any harm.

Yet—he puzzles them all. He seems to them to have their own art plus a mysterious something that they do not understand. Some of them call this "something plus" boyish rashness; others call it a sub-cellar of guile; others call it the freakishness of a harmless streak of mugwumpery that colors words but not deeds. Others again say, as said a certain Senator: "The explanation is that after Mr. Roosevelt has asked 'Is it popular?' after he has asked 'Is it politic?' after he has asked 'How will it affect 1904?' he goes on to ask '*Is it right?*' And the answer to that last question exerts an influence upon his decision."

Another political puzzle is the Attorney-General, Mr. Knox. For years before he appeared in public life President McKinley had had upon his desk at the White House the picture of a man known to none of his callers. When Knox came they recognized in him the man into whose photographed face Mr. McKinley had shown that he liked to look. As Mr. Knox had been attorney for some of the largest trust "interests" among the protected manufacturers, it was assumed that the cobwebs over the anti-trust pigeonholes at the Department of Justice would continue to collect dust. And until Mr. Roosevelt became President, such agitations as these cobwebs had were not of sufficient violence seriously to alarm any of the monopolists.

Then came talk of prosecutions, talk of Constitutional amendments, talk of tariff revision, talk of more anti-trust laws. But monopoly's "imperial yellow sleeves remained unruffled," as they say in China. Then suddenly little Mr. Knox, the friend of the trusts, the last man in the world to assail an "interest," entered suit against one of the biggest combinations and made a speech in which he pointed his finger straight at the weak spot in monopoly's armor. His suit and his speech were such bolts as could have been forged only in a smithy where monopoly had been a customer and where monopoly's ins and outs, strength and weaknesses, were thoroughly understood. A shriek of agony followed, and a wild shout of "Traitor!"

And the politicians who study Mr. Politician-and-Trust-Attorney Knox are still wondering and guessing.

The Senate and the President

WHATEVER the answer which partisan feeling or non-partisan reason may give to these questions about the President and his Attorney-General, two facts lie upon the surface: Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Knox are working in harmony, and that harmony disquiets the ruler seated at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue. If Mr. Roosevelt does not really mean to attack the "interests," at least those interests do not know it. If they are right in accusing him of "playing to the galleries," then so far as his political fortunes are concerned he might as well be satisfying his conscience without regard to the galleries.

Every day at Washington the question is asked a hundred times: "Will Roosevelt be renominated?" And each time the answer is: "I don't see how he can be beaten." Yet the hope of beating him has never flung itself from the Capitol dome, often though it threatens.

While Mr. Aldrich was building himself up into master of the Senate, he was also building up the Senate into supremacy. To-day the Senate sits enthroned, its feet comfortably resting upon the prostrate House, its haughty eyes compelling deference from the President himself. To Mr. Aldrich more than to any other one Senator belongs the credit for discovering that the Senate's powers—unlimited debate, control over the President's treaties and appointments, ability to enforce its will in all matters of legislation—gave it the supremacy, should it choose to assert itself. Since that discovery the Senate has grown haughtier and haughtier, even partisanship sinking before the fetish of Senatorial dignity.

The Senate is as vain as it is shrewd and greedy of power. It keeps its acutely sensitive feelings trailing in the pathway of the President. And right agile he must be to avoid stepping on them. If he should so misstep—what happened to Mr. Cleveland when he quarreled with the Senate?

The Senate is afraid of Mr. Roosevelt. It is afraid that he doesn't respect it so highly as a President should. It is afraid that he may be strong enough with the people to induce them to rescue him from the pits it will dig for him and drag him into should he openly offend it. When the Senate took the tax off coal, the greatest bitterness of it, indeed the only real bitterness, was that it seemed to be an act of Senatorial compliance with the Executive will.

One of the important factors in Mr. Roosevelt's career between now and the convention will be the relations between him and Mr. Aldrich. It must not be imagined that the Senate ever resists the President openly, ever fights back where the public can see. Rather it is, as some one suggested, like a rubber wall—the President pounds upon it, makes a deep dent; he takes away his fist, the wall springs back. And the country sees the President in the attitude of a man who has failed to accomplish his purposes when no one was opposed to him or to them.

The House was clubbed into powerlessness by its Committee on Rules, with a rule practically abolishing debate. The Senate has no such rule. Its ninety members—most of them old men, deliberate of speech, full of wisdom which they are anxious to impart to their fellow-countrymen, and fairly staggering under the weight of the sense of their own and the Senate's dignity—may each talk as long as he pleases on whatever subject seems to him important. Obviously, to transact business through such a body there must be great diplomacy. It is in the Senate, therefore, that the game of confidence is most constantly, most openly and most successfully practiced. And it is there that one studies the greatest force in Washington next to vanity—the force of what may be called hypnotic suggestion.

Every one of the leaders of the Senate has this force—Aldrich most of all, Hale perhaps next to him. It is apparent on the floor, in the hottest debate. One of the hypnotizers will rise, will speak with what seems to be no greater vigor or point than any one else. Yet you will see the current of debate completely changed. And if you analyze his matter and his manner closely you will find he has effected the change by methods so adroit that it is not surprising that his hearers were unconscious of the influence he was exerting. Opposition, without knowing why, suddenly feels a sense of lassitude, of doubt, of "what's the use?" The hypnotist's own side at the same moment feels elated, confident—but it is unconscious that the leader has in effect issued an order.

With all its vanities and subtleties and mole-tunnelings to absorb it, has the Senate time or inclination to listen to public sentiment? Not much. Loud and oft-repeated and most deliberate must be the public demand that will disturb those tranquil web-spinnings and mutual admirations and "jollyings." If this is a matter for irritation, is it not also a matter for congratulation? Wrong measures that result from craft are infinitely less harmful than the insolent and brutal measures that result from passion. And as the earth has yet many millions of years before it shall cease to bring forth and sustain human life, there is plenty of time for the Senate to consider and pass the right measures that will make us all healthy, happy, rich and wise without work.

The Facts First

SECRETARY SHAW has long been identified with Methodism. Every four years he is a delegate to the national council of that denomination. For twenty years before he became Governor of Iowa he was superintendent of a Methodist Sunday-school at Denison, Iowa, and after he became the Chief Executive of that State he accepted the superintendency of a Sunday-school at Des Moines. In his church work Mr. Shaw has displayed the same energy that has distinguished his public career.

In 1892, the year that James J. Corbett, the pugilist, defeated John L. Sullivan, it happened that shortly after that event Mr. Shaw in his Sunday-school undertook to tell the story of David's encounter with the Philistine giant, Goliath of Gath. To enable his young hearers to grasp the moral involved in this Biblical classic, Mr. Shaw began by telling how the champion went out boastfully from the camp of the Philistines into the valley of Elah to challenge any man in the army of Israel.

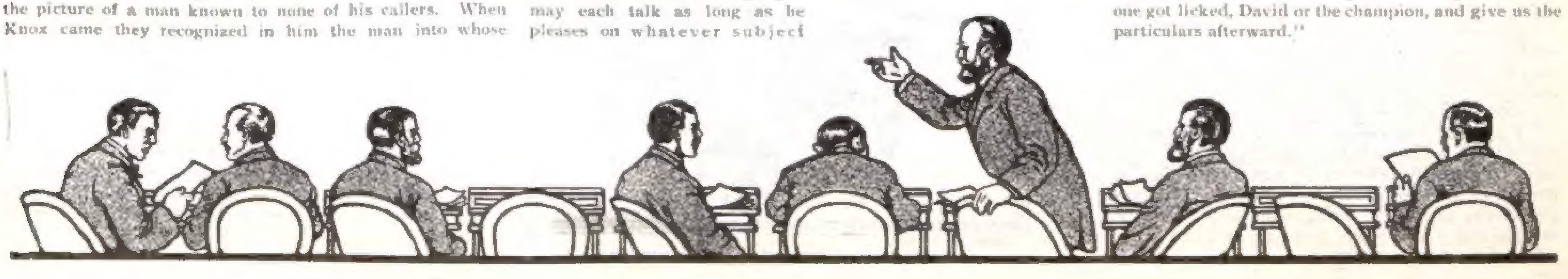
"This giant," said Mr. Shaw, "was six cubits and a span in height, and was so strong that he could wear with ease a coat of mail the weight of which was equal to five thousand shekels of brass. Even the head of his great spear was as heavy as six hundred shekels of iron." Mr. Shaw went on to tell of the bluster in the champion's method of challenge, and how the Israelites were terrified, not having a man ready to meet so big and noisy an adversary. Then the Iowa banker presented the other side of the picture, giving in detail the account of King Saul's anxiety and his promise of the hand of his daughter in marriage to the man that would in single combat vanquish the huge Philistine. Then he described David, the shepherd boy, and the preparations he made, and how at the last moment the youth discarded the brass helmet, the coat of mail and the sword, and finally went forth with only a sling and five pebbles from a brook.

While Mr. Shaw had proceeded a whispered conversation had developed among a group of boys. At first it was furtive. It was evident that questions were being asked of one another in regard to some point in the story. The discussion among the boys became animated and audible, and Mr. Shaw paused a moment and looked at the youngsters. A disturbance of any sort or any diminution of attention was a rare occurrence in his Sunday-school.

"What is it, boys?" he asked.

A sturdy little chap, displaying a great deal of excitement, rose and exclaimed:

> "Please, Mr. Shaw, won't you tell us right off which one got licked, David or the champion, and give us the particulars afterward."



THE BOSS

By Alfred Henry Lewis

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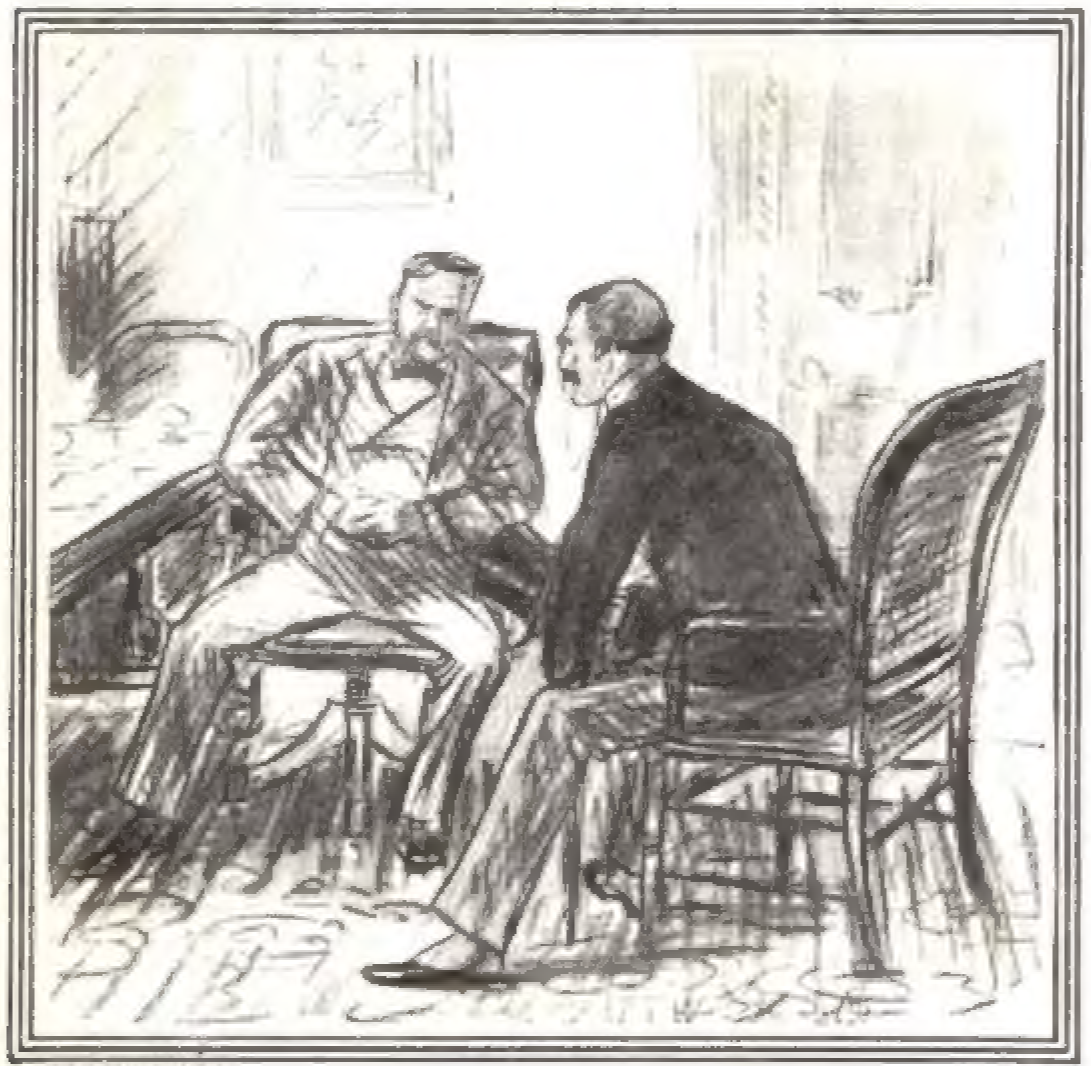


DRAWN BY W. GLACKENS

TO MORTON I GAVE PARTICULAR EAR

CHAPTER XVII

BIG KENNEDY could not live a year; his doom was written. It was the word hard to hear and harder to believe of one who, broad, burly, ruddy with the full color of manhood at its prime, seemed in the very feather of his strength. And for all that his hour was on its way. Death had gained a lodgment in his heart and was only pausing to strengthen its foothold before striking the blow. I sought to cheer him with the probability of mistake on the side of those who had given him this grim warning of his case.

"That's all right," responded Big Kennedy in a tone of dogged dejection; "I'm up ag'inst it just th' same. It didn't need th' doctor to put me on. More'n once I've felt my heart slip a cog. I shall clean up an' quit. They say that if I pull out an' rest I may hang on for a year. That's th' tip I've got, an' I'm goin' to take it. I'm two millions to th' good, an' when all is in, why, that's enough."

Big Kennedy declared for a vacation; the public announcement went for it that he would rest. I was to take control as a fashion of boss by brevet.

"Of course," said Big Kennedy when we talked privately of the situation, "you understand. I'm down an' out, done for an' as good as dead right now. But it's better to frame th' play as I've proposed. Don't change th' sign over th' door for a month or two; it'll give you time to stiffen your grip.. There's dubs who would like th' job, d'ye see, an' if they found an openin' they'd spill you out of th' place like a pup out of a basket. It's for you to get your hooks on th' levers an' be in control of th' machine before I die." Then, with a ghastly smile: "An' seein' it's you, I'll put off croakin' till th' last call of th' board."

Big Kennedy, seeking that quiet which had been the physician's prescription, went away. When, later by ten months, he came back, his appearance was a shock to me. The great bluff man was gone, and he who feebly took me by the hand seemed no more than a weak shadow of that Big John Kennedy whom I had followed. The mere looks of him were like a knife-stab. He stayed but a day and then returned to his retreat in the silent hills. Within the month thereafter Big Kennedy was dead.

"You've got things nailed," said he on the last evening, "an' I'm glad it's so. Now let me give you a few points; they may help you to hold down your place as Boss. You're too hungry for revenge; there's your weakness. The revenge habit is worse than a taste for whisky. Th' best you can say for it is that it's a waste of time. When you've downed a man, stop. To go on beatin' him is like throwin' water on a drowned rat.

"When it comes to handin' out th' offices an' th' contracts, don't play fav'rites. Hand every man what's comin' to him by th' rules of th' game. It'll give you more power as a Boss to have men say you'll do what's square than that you'll stick by your friends. Good men, dead game men, don't want favors; they want justice.

"Never give a man th' wrong office; size every man up an' measure him for his place th' same as a tailor does for a suit of clothes. If you give a big man a little office you make an enemy; if you give a little man a big office you make trouble.

"Flatter th' mugwumps. Of course their belfry is full of bats; but about half th' time they have to be your pals, d'ye see, in order to be mugwumps. An' you needn't be afraid of havin' 'em around; they'll never ketch on to anything. A mugwump, as some wise guy said, is like a man ridin' backward in a carriage; he never sees a thing until it's by.

"Say 'No' nineteen times before you say 'Yes' once. People respect th' man who says 'No,' an' his 'Yes' is worth more where he passes it out. When you say 'No,' you play your own game; when you say 'Yes,' you're playin' some other duck's game. 'No' keeps; 'Yes' gives; an' th' gent who says 'No' oftenest will always be th' biggest toad in his puddle.

"Don't be fooled by a cheer or by a crowd. Cheers are nothin' but a breeze; an' as for a crowd, no matter who you are, there would always be a bigger turnout to see you hanged than to shake your mit.

"Always go with th' current; that's th' first rule of leadership. It's easier; an' there's more water down stream than up.

"Think first, last an' all th' time of yourself. You may not be of account to others, but you're th' whole box of tricks to yourself. Don't give a man more than he gives you. Folks who don't stick to that steer land either in bankruptcy or Bloomin'dale.

"An' remember: while you're Boss you'll be forced into many things ag'inst your judgment. The head of Tammany is like th' head of a snake, an' gets shoved forward by th' tail. Also, like th' head of a snake, th' Boss is th' target for every rock that is thrown.

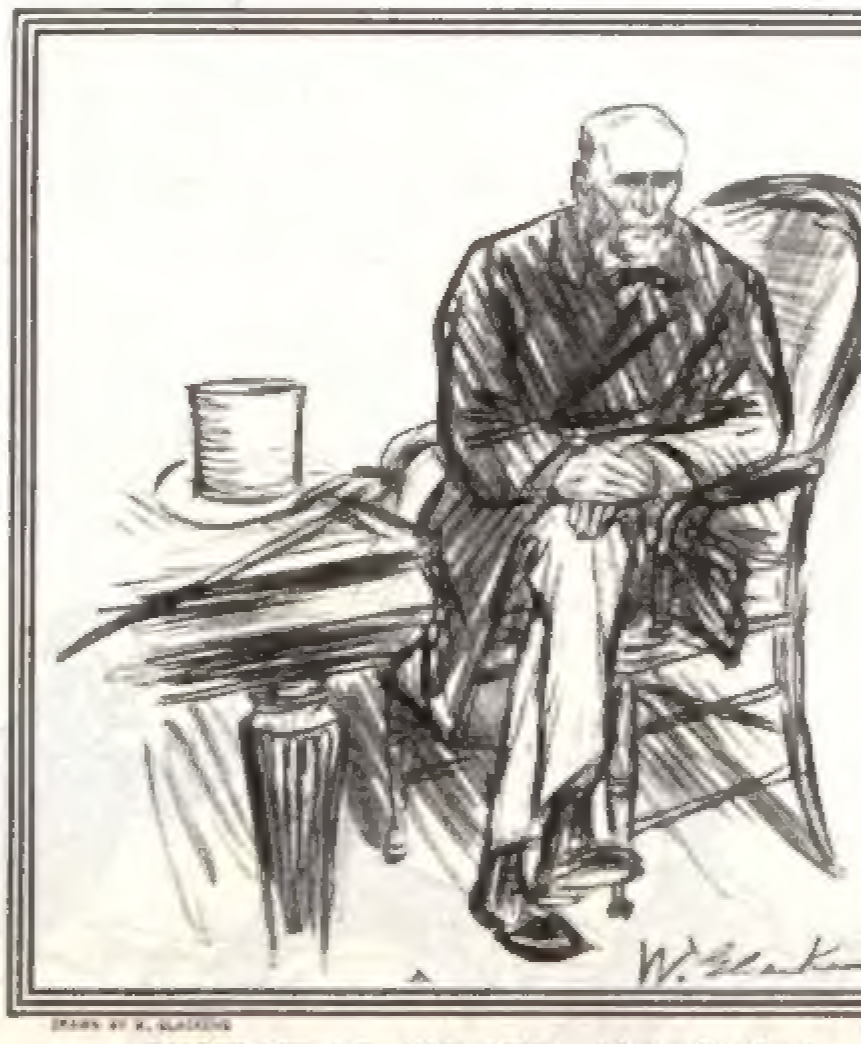
"Have as many lieutenants as you can; twenty are safer than two. Two might fake up a deal with each other to throw you down; twenty might start, but before they got to you they'd fight among themselves.

"Have people about you who distrust each other an' trust you. Keep th' leaders fightin' with each other. That prevents combinations ag'inst you, an' besides, they'll do one another up whenever you say th' word, where every man is hated by th' rest.

"Always pay your debts; but pay with a jolly as far as it'll go. If you find one who won't take a jolly, throw a scare into him an' pay him with that. If he's a strong, dangerous mug with whom a jolly or a bluff won't work, get him next to you as fast as you can. If you strike an obstinate party, it's th' old rule for drivin' pigs. If you want 'em to go forward, pull 'em back by th' tails. Never trust a man beyond his interest; an' never love th' man: love what he does.

"The whole science of leadership lies in what I've told you, an' if you can clinch on to it you'll stick at th' top till you go away, like I do now, to die. An' th' last of it is, don't get sentimental — don't take politics to heart. Politics is only worth while so long as it feathers your nest. Don't tie yourself to anything. A political party is like a street car; stay with it only while it goes your way. A great partisan can never be a great Boss."

When I found myself master of Tammany my first thought was to be cautious. I must strengthen myself; I must give myself time to take root. This was the more necessary, for not only were there a full score of the leaders, any one of whom would prefer himself for my place, but the political condition was far from reassuring. The workingman was through his unions moving to the town's conquest. It was as that movement of politics in the land of the ancient Nile. Having discovered a Moses, the laborers would offer him for the mayoralty on the issue of no more bricks without straw.



DRAWN BY W. GLACKENS

"NOW LET ME GIVE YOU A FEW POINTS"

Skilled to the touch of sentiment, I could gauge both the direction and the volume of the new movement. Nor was I long in coming to the knowledge that behind it marched a majority of the people. Unless checked, or cheated, that labor uprising would succeed; Tammany and its old-time enemies would alike go down.

This news, self-furnished as a grist ground of the mills of my own judgment, stimulated me to utmost action. It would serve neither my present nor my future should that battle which followed my inauguration be given against me. I was on my trial; defeat would be the signal of my overthrow. And thus I faced my first campaign as Boss; I fought not alone for victory, but for existence.

That rebellion of the working folk stirred to terror the conservatives, ever the timid element of wealth. Each man with a share of stock to shrink in value, or with a dollar loaned and therefore with security to shake, or with a store through the plate-glass panes of which a mob might cast a stone, was prey to a mighty alarm. The smug citizen of money and of ease-softened hands grew sick as he reflected on the French revolution, and he predicted gutters red with blood as the near or far finale should the town's peasantry obtain a victory. It was then these rich ones, panic-bit, began to ask a succor of Tammany Hall. There were other clans, but Tammany was the drilled, traditional corps of political janizaries. Wherefore, the local nobility, being threatened, fled to Tammany for refuge.

These gentry of white faces and frightened pocketbooks came to me by ones and twos and quartettes; my every day was filled with them, and their one prayer was for me to make a line of battle between them and that frowning peril of the mob. I heard; but I kept myself as tongue-tied for hope or for fear as any marble.

And yet it was sure from the beginning that I must make an alliance with my folk of purple. The movement over which they shuddered was even more of a menace to Tammany than it was to them. It might mean dollars to them, but it spelled death to Tammany, since of every five who went with this crusade four were recruited from the machine. Fifth Avenue, in a fever, did not realize this truth. Nor was I one to enlighten my callers. Their terror made for the machine; it could be trained to fill the treasure chest with a fund to match those swelling fears, the reason of its contribution. I locked up my tongue; it was a best method to augment that mugwump horror which I meant should find my resources.

Young Morton, now no longer "young," but, like myself, in the middle journey of his life, was among my patrician visitors. Like the others, he came to urge a peace treaty between Tammany and the mugwumps, and argued a future stored of fortune for both myself and the machine should the latter turn to be a shield for those from whom he came ambassador.

To Morton I gave particular ear. I was never to forget that loyalty wherewith he stood to me on a day of trial for the death of Jimmy the Blacksmith. If any word might move me it should be his. Adhering to a plan, however, I had few answers for his questions, but wrapped myself in silence like a mantle.

Morton was so much his old practical self that he bade me consider a candidate and a program.

"Let us nominate my old gentleman for mayor," said he. "He's very old; but he's clean, he's strong, and he would draw every vote to his name that should of right belong to us."

"That might be," I returned; "but I may tell you, and stay within the truth, that if your father got no more votes than should of rights be his, defeat would overtake him to the tune of thousands. Add the machine to the mugwumps, and this movement of labor still has us beaten by twenty thousand men. That being the case, why should I march Tammany — and my own fortune, too — into such a trap?"

"What else can you do?" queried Morton.

"I can tell you what was in my mind," said I. "It was to go with this labor movement and control it."

"That fellow they've nominated would make the worst of mayors. You and Tammany would forever be borne down with the errors of that administration."

"He is an honest man," said I.

"Honest, yes; and now you've said all. There should be something more than honesty to make a mayor, don't y' know. There are games like draw-poker and government where to be merely honest is not a complete equipment. Besides, if you with your machine would turn in we could elect my old gentleman over him or any other honest candidate whom those vulgarians could put up."

"Tell me how," said I.

"There would be millions of money, since Money would be swimming for dear life. One can do anything with money."

"One can't stop a runaway horse with money," I retorted, "and this labor movement is a political runaway."

"With money we could build a wall across its course and let it run into that. Let us make a calculation. How many votes should our labor friends overrun us on the situation's face?"

"Say twenty-five thousand."

"This, then, should give so experienced a hand as yourself some shade of comfort. The Master of the Philadelphia Machine is one of my partners. He will send me ten thousand men for this election. What should ten thousand men mean?"

"At the least," said I, "they should count for forty thousand. A man votes with a full beard; then he votes with his chin shaved; then he shaves the sides of his face and votes with a mustache; lastly, he votes with a smooth face and retires to regrow a beard against the next campaign. Those ten thousand men should tally forty thousand votes. Registration and all, however, would run the cost of such an enterprise to full five hundred thousand dollars."

"Money is no object," returned Morton, "to men who feel that their fortunes, and perhaps their lives, are on the cast. Bring us Tammany for this one war, and I'll guarantee three millions in the till of the machine. You would have to take those ten thousand recruits from Philadelphia into your own hands, however; really, we silk stockings don't own the finesse required to handle such a consignment of goods."

To cover what was in my thought I made a pretense of considering the business in every one of its angles. There came a minute during which neither of us spoke. Then I shook my head in dubious negative.

"Why should I put the machine," I asked at last, "in unnecessary peril of the law? This will be a campaign of fire. Every stick of those three millions would go to stoke the furnaces. I shall win more surely with the labor people."

"But do you want to put the mob in possession?" demanded Morton. "I'm no purist of politics; indeed, I think I'm rather practical than otherwise. I am free to say, however, that I fear the worst should those madmen succeed. You should think once in a while, and particularly in a squall like the present, of the city itself."

"Should I?" I asked with a smile. "Now I'll let you into an organization principle: Tammany, blow high, blow low, thinks only of itself."

"You would be given half the offices," said Morton.

"And the police?"

"And the police."

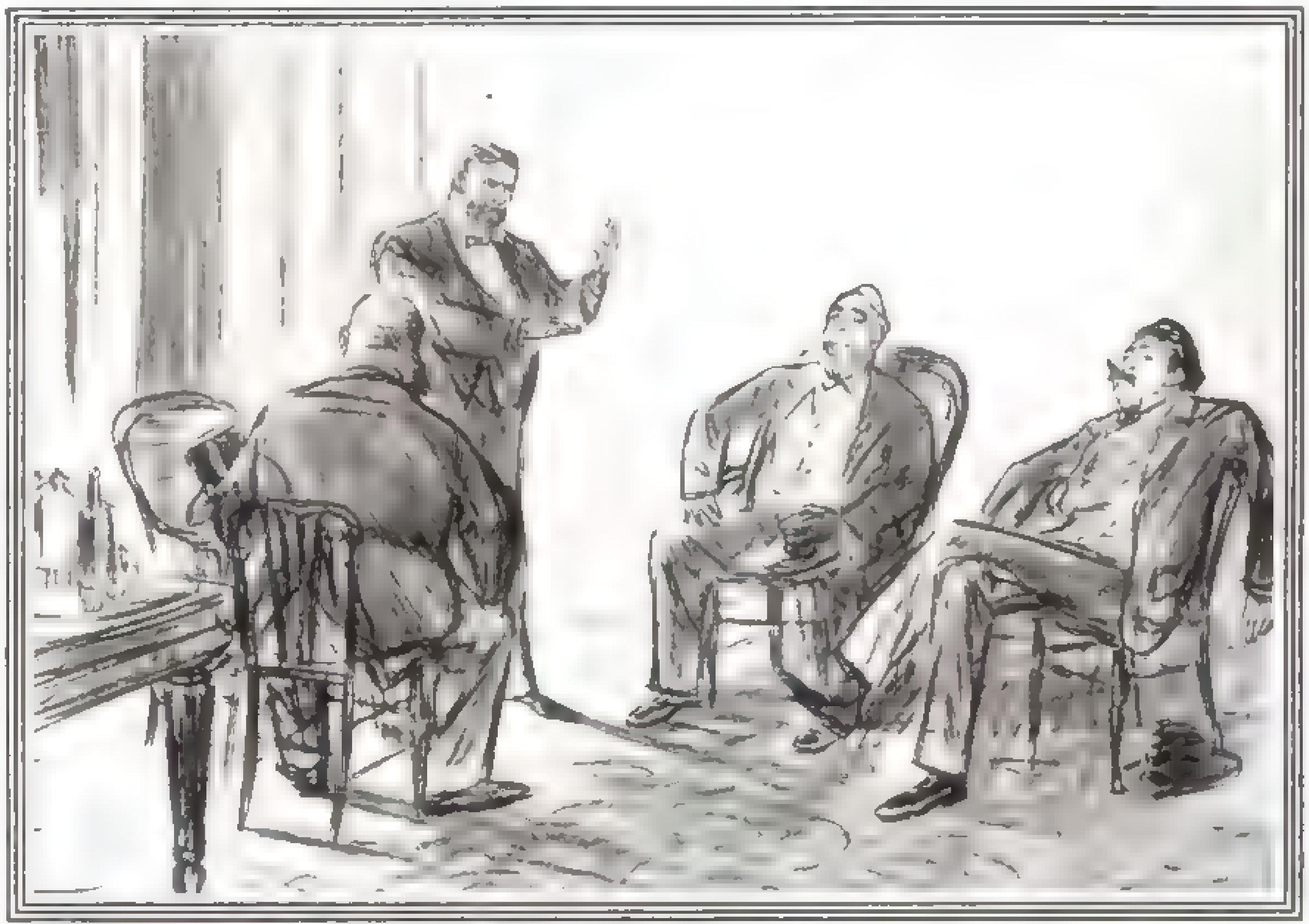
"Tammany couldn't keep house without the police," said I, laughing. "You've seen enough of our housekeeping to know that."

"You may have the police and what else you will."

"Well," said I, bringing the talk to a close, "I can't give you an answer now. I must look the situation in the eyes. To be frank, I don't think either the Tammany interest or my own runs with yours in this."

While Morton and I were talking I had come to a decision: I would name the reputable old gentleman for mayor. He was stricken of years, but I bethought me how far that he might be, when elected, the easier to deal with. But I would keep my resolve from Morton. There was no stress of hurry; the election was weeks away. I might see reason to change. One should ever put off his contract making until the last.

Before I went to an open alliance with the mugwumps I would weaken the labor people. This I might do by pretending to be their friend. There was a strip of the labor candidate's support which was rabid anti-Tammany. Let me but seem to come to his comfort and aid, and every one of those violent ones would desert him.



I GAVE THEM COMPLIMENTS AND NO PROMISES

Within the week after my conference with Morton I sent a sly bit of news to the captains of labor. They were told that I had given utterance to sentiments of friendship for them and their man. Their desire to cultivate my support was set on edge. These amateurs of politics came seeking an interview. I humored their hopes and spoke in warm terms of their candidate, his worth and honesty. The city could not be in safer hands. There were many interviews and I gave them compliments and no promises.

My ends were attained. The papers rang with the coming partnership between the labor movement and the machine, and those berserks of anti-Tammany, frothing with resentment against ones who would sell themselves into my power as the price of my support, abandoned the laborites in a body. There were no fewer than five thousand of these to shake the dust of labor from their feet. When I had driven the last of them from the labor champion, by the simple expedient of appearing to be his friend, I suddenly called the Convention—being the first in the field—and named the reputable old gentleman for mayor.

There were a roar and a cheer to go up from my followers at this, for they read in that name of the reputable old gentleman a promise of money knee-deep, and what, than that word, should more brighten a Tammany eye! I was first, with the machine at my back, to walk upon the field with our reputable old gentleman for mayor. The mugwumps followed with all dispatch; the Republicans, proper, made no ticket; two or three straggling cliques and split-offs of party accepted the nomination, and so the lines were made. On the heels of the conventions, the mugwump leaders and I met and merged our tickets; I getting two-thirds and surrendering one-third of those names which followed that of the reputable old gentleman for the divers offices to be filled.

When all was accomplished, the new situation formed a broad foundation and one of solvency and depth whereon to base a future for both Tammany and myself. Also it crystallized my power, and my grip on the machine was set iron-fast and iron-hard by the sheer effect of the nomination. The next thing was to win at the polls; that would ask for studied effort and a quickness that must not sleep, since the opposition, though clumsy, straggling and unwieldy with no skill, overtopped us in strength by every one of those thousands of which I had given Morton the name.

"You thought it would be a surprise," cried Morton, as he grasped my hand. It was the evening of the day on which the Convention named the reputable old gentleman. "I'll plead guilty; it was a surprise. Really I was never more baffled and beaten than when I left you on that day of our talk, don't y' know. I regarded the conquest of the city by the opposition as the thing made sure. We will now go in and win; and not a word I said shall be forgotten, and every dollar I mentioned shall be laid down."

CHAPTER XVIII

THOSE ten thousand sent to our cause by Morton's friend went about their work like artillery men about their guns. Each was good for four votes. As a squad-captain said:

"There's got to be time between for a party to change his face an' shift to another coat an' hat. Besides, it's as well to give th' judges an hour or two to get dim to your mug, see!"

Big Kennedy had set his foot upon the gang spirit and stamped out of existence such coteries as the Tin Whistles and the Alley Gang. I copied Big Kennedy in that. Such organizations would have been a threat to me, and put it more in reach of individual leaders to rebel against an order. What work had been done by the gangs was now, under a better discipline and with machine lines more tightly drawn, transacted by the police.

When those skillful gentry, meant to multiply a ballot-total, came in from the South, I called my chief of police into council. He was that same bluff, girthy personage who, aforetime, had conferred with Big Kennedy. I told him what was required, and how his men, should occasion arise, must foster as far as lay with them the voting purposes of our colonists.

"You can rely on me, Gov'nor," said the Chief. (He had invented for Big Kennedy this title of "Gov'nor," and now when I was made the Boss he transferred it to me.) "Yes indeed, you can go to sleep on me doin' my part. But I'm bothered to a standstill with my captains. Durin' th' last four or five years th' force has become honeycombed with honesty; an' may I be struck! if some of them square guys ain't got to be captains."

"Should any get in your way," said I, "he must be sent to the outskirts. I shall hold you for everything that comes wrong."

"I guess," said the Chief thoughtfully, "I'll put the whole racket in charge of Gothecore. He'll keep your emigrants walkin' a crack. They'll be right while Gothecore's got his peeps on 'em."

"Has Gothecore had experience? Is he wise?"

"Is Bill Gothecore wise? Gov'nor, I don't want to paint a promise so brilliant I can't make good, but Gothecore is th' most thorough workman on our list. Why, they call him 'Clean Sweep Bill!' I put him in the Tenderloin for six months, an' he got away with everything but the back fence."

"Very well," said I, "the care of these colonists is up to you. Here's a list of the places where they're berthed."

"You needn't give 'em another thought, Gov'nor," observed the Chief. Then as he arose to depart: "Something's got to be done about them captains turnin' square. They act as a scare to th' others. I'll tell you what: Make the price of a captaincy twenty thousand dollars. That'll be a hurdle no honest duck can take. Whoever pays it we can bet on as a member of our tribe. One honest captain queers a whole force; it's like a horse goin' lame." This last moodily.

In the eleventh hour, by our suggestion and at our cost, the Republican managers put up a ticket. This was made necessary by certain bitter Republicans who would unite with nothing in which Tammany owned a part.

The campaign itself was a whirlwind of money. That princely fund promised by Morton was paid down to me on the nail, and I did not stint or save it when a chance opened to fatten our power by its employment. I say "I did not stint," because in accord with Tammany custom the fund was wholly in my hands.

As most men know, there is no such post as that of Chief of Tammany Hall. The office is by coinage and the title by conference of the public. There exists a finance committee of, commonly, a dozen names. It never meets, and the members in ordinary are to hear and know no more about the money of the organization than of sheep-washing among Ettrick's hills and vales. There is a chairman; into his hands all moneys come. The funds are completely in his clutch. To borrow a colloquialism, "He is the Man with the Money," and since money is the mainspring of practical politics, it follows as the tail the kite, and without the intervention of either rule or statute, that he is *The Boss*.

There was nothing notable in that struggle which sent the reputable old gentleman to the city fore as mayor beyond the energy wherewith the work required was performed. Every move ran off as softly smooth as could be wished. The police did what they should. The polls were closed, the count was made; the laborites and their Moses were trampled down, and the reputable old gentleman was declared victor by fifteen thousand.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ Formerly it was, Be good! Now it is, Make good

¶ There are no fashionable sections along the road to success

¶ Some of the dollars of the daddies now go to the caddies

¶ He who hesitates is—well, he is apt to get the better of the bargain

¶ This is the season when the debutante comes out by going into society

¶ Water in the trusts does not include the weeping of those who bought the stocks

¶ When an employee really knows more than the head of the firm he knows enough not to boast of it

¶ With a million children outside the schools there does not seem to be enough prosperity to go around

¶ John Bull's new idea of economics is to ask his children to send their savings home Of course, John Bull is home

¶ He is a very ignorant American who knows more about Europe than he does about the great empire west of the Rocky Mountains

The Compensation

BEFORE we become too deeply aroused on the subject of American heiresses marrying foreign noblemen, let us think well on two points that project from the surface of the matter:

First—Is the sort of girl that buys a title of a man she does not love a fit or desirable wife for a plain, industrious American?

Second—Isn't it better that a person who spends his, or her, income in senseless luxury and in diffusing the taste for senseless luxury should spend it on the other side of the Atlantic rather than in America?

Possibly there is just a wee bit o' siller even in the black cloud of the loss of so many bewitching and rich American girls

Mistress and Maid

FROM many towns in the Middle West come reports that domestic servants are not to be had at any price Families with ample means and an eager disposition to hire the household work are compelled to do it themselves, even to the washing and scrubbing

The melancholy thoughts which this situation gives birth to are immediately stifled by the reflection that there could be no better sign of general and great prosperity Of all forms of labor domestic service is, in the broad, the least attractive because it is supposed to be the least dignified. We never have had since the early Colonial days a very large supply of native domestic servants, the negroes, of course, excepted Almost all our servants came from abroad, and the ranks have had to be constantly recruited because only the first generation of immigrants condescended to domestic service Now, in spite of immigration, the supply is failing, there is too much work of the more independent kinds Only the rich in the smaller places of the trans Allegheny region can afford to pay the large compensation necessary to make the man or women forget his or her sense of dignity and independence

Does this mean a revival in the immediate future of that type of American woman to which all our grandmothers and the mothers of most of us belonged?

Wicked New Amsterdam

SOME one has dug up a letter written by the Rev. John Miller to the Bishop of London in 1695 about the moral conditions in New York City And as the Reverend Miller uses very strong language in assailing the lax morals of the town the New Yorkers of to day are growing "chesty" over the improvement in two centuries. But a close reading of the Reverend Miller's philippic and a study of the real facts of the time of which he wrote compel the candid man to put the worthy gentleman in the same class with Juvenal and Tertullian and most of the other writers and speakers of ferocious generalizations about depravity

Generalizations whether as to good or as to evil are always inaccurate, usually downright false. The fact is that in all historic time, as nearly as the truth can be got at, the human animal wherever it has reached the stage of peace and order has been on the average not so bad as it knew how to be nor so good as it pretended to be or pretended to wish to be

But this sort of truth can't be told at great length without dullness. Hence the haziness of the line between fiction and history

The Colleges and the Country

MUCH that is said against colleges and college education proceeds from ignorance and prejudice. Nevertheless when it is considered how much of an advantage a thorough education ought to be to a man and how many American men have had college educations, is it not strange that a larger percentage of the leaders of the country are not college men?

Is it not strange that all or almost all the foremost places are not now occupied by men who have had this supposedly inestimable advantage?

Is it not just possible that our colleges have some fundamental fault of construction? May it not be that many of them are based upon a theory other than that which should underlie all education in a democratic republic?

The Passion for the Steady Job

CLEMENCEAU, than whom few Frenchmen are more keen witted, thinks that the curse of the French people is their all but universal passion for the "steady job." However this may be, certain it is that no worse blight can fall on any nation or any community, unless it be the destruction of that feeling of security in the possession of property without which civilization ceases to exist It is often charged that Americans do their work in slovenly fashion because they work with one eye ever roving in search of something better. But, although it is bad not to put one's whole heart into one's work, and although the quickest way to get something better is to do the task in hand thoroughly, still far worse than lack of thoroughness is lack of enterprise

When one says that contentment is a virtue, one must be careful to define the word contentment. And as a rule, the content that is praised is not a virtue, but a vice full brother to laziness. The "steady job" flies from the man who yearns for it—unless the community or the business that offers it is on the down grade

The Right Amount of Sleep

NOTHING is more important than sleep because it is at the foundation of all waking activity. Yet few men and fewer women get either the proper quantity or the proper quality of sleep

The main cause of sleeplessness or failure to sleep long enough and well is indigestion. And as the women, in the broad, use their bodies and their brains less than men, they lie awake more hours that should be spent in unconsciousness. This indigestion is usually not of the painful kind, but is, on the contrary, accompanied by no other symptom than restless slumber or wakefulness

Worry or care rarely causes sleeplessness or even grief People eat when they are laboring under these emotions what they eat does not digest of course and they do not sleep

The stupor produced by beer wine, whisky, sulfanol and other sleeping potions is not sleep, any more than it is sleep to butt one's head against the bedpost until one is unconscious Every one must study the problem of sleep for himself or herself And every one should do it the women, especially if they wish to fool the men and other women about their age after they are thirty

Extending the Dead Line

DR ANDREW D WHITE, seventy years young, hard at work, just going abroad for material for his "most important book"—there's a pleasing picture, and a practical example, too, of how to live long and be a better man each year of one's life

There used to be a theory that after fifty five or so some sort of decay set in to ravage the brain and the nerves, making a man thenceforth less and less intellectually until he finally shriveled into "the lean and slipper'd, pantaloon . . . . . sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything" But this theory is held now only by those who were born tired and give up the struggle to conceal the fact in early middle life

Life has expanded and lengthened amazingly The period of real living is boldly encroaching upon the once sacred period of youthful silliness at the one end and upon the once equally sacred period of white-haired senility at the other

Still at the Starting Post

A RAILROAD president has issued an order that hereafter no more clerks over thirty-five years of age are to be employed, and straightway a great cry has been raised that this is an attempt to say that a man begins to deteriorate at thirty-five.

Not at all The railroad man's point is that if by the age of thirty five a man has not been able to demonstrate business capacity beyond the requirements for a small clerkship he is not likely to be a pushing, progressive, ambitious addition to the staff in charge of an energetic enterprise

And isn't there truth in this? The period at which reward will come to intelligent and persistent effort and the measure of that reward are very often matters of chance. But rarely indeed in this day of enormous demand for skilled labor of all degrees does a man who works find himself desperately clutching at the lowest rung of the ladder at thirty five If he is there he ought to have a serious talk with himself, with the door locked against vanity and self-excuse

The Wards of Government

A RIPPLE of laughter went round the world the other day when the ever young, the professionally boy Emperor of Germany, stood up and talked of his "heavy burden of responsibility for fifty million Germans." And yet there was much truth in what he said. To an amazing to a ludicrous degree the German people are individually the wards of their Government—and the Emperor is the Government Deeper than their enterprise, deeper than their remarkable and astonishingly free intellectual activity of every kind is a profound, tenacious, seemingly ineradicable feeling of dependence upon the state. It probably originated in the long and dreadful wars that desolated Germany and made her people feel so helpless without the soldier-ruler to guard them But, whatever the origin, it is a fact that wherever the German people or Germanic thought goes, there you find paternalistic, socialistic, anti-individualistic sentiment showing itself and developing

A Tempest in a Teapot

A SUBSTANTIAL basis underlies the general feeling that there is sure to be a crash in America But it will be a crash in America, not a crash of America

Never was it so true of any people as of the American people that bread, to be had, must be got by sweat of brow or brain. And any one in America who is getting his bread without giving any adequate return for it may well be uneasy. The more bread he is getting the uneasier he ought to feel. On the other hand, the mass of Americans need feel no uneasiness There may be a slight trembling or there may be no disturbance at all when their backs are relieved of the burden of inflationists and flotationers of wildcat schemes, of stock-waterers and bond-jobbers These airy gentry will inevitably tumble or be shaken off Then, if the crops are good, everything will go forward more smoothly and easily

So long as there is work for capital and labor, neither the honest capitalist nor the honest laborer need fear lack of employment. When the something-for-nothing fellows go down there will be a huge cloud of dust. But it will soon drift away.

Men and Women

THERE was a General in one of the Ohio regiments in the Civil War," said General Grosvenor, at an old soldier symposium, "who was the most magnificent thing, physically, you ever saw—and about the weakest mentally.

"He rode out on his horse one morning to review his brigade. After the parade he thought he would give some orders himself. He shouted: 'Column of fours, column forward!'

"The soldiers didn't understand, for they did not execute the movement. The General stood up in his stirrups and shouted again: 'Column of fours; column forward!'

"Still there was no response. Exasperated beyond measure the General yelled: 'What's the matter with you imbeciles? Can't you understand plain English? Column of fours, column forward! Here, I'll spell it for you. *C-o-l-u-m-n—c-o-l-u-m*—now do you understand?'"

Heroic Treatment

SENATOR CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW was riding up Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington in a street car. A motherly old lady who sat next to him asked a question. The Senator answered it and found the old lady was deaf. He repeated his answer in a shout and the conversation went on until the Senator said: "You are quite deaf, are you not?"

"Yes," she replied, "and I haven't been able to do a thing for it."

"Have you ever tried electricity?" asked the Senator.

"Yes," she said, nodding her head vigorously. "I was struck by lightning last summer."

When the First Shall be Last

FORMER President Cleveland tells with great glee of an experience he had while hunting in the Adirondacks.

His guide was Chick Bruce, a noted character in the woods and with no fear in the presence of Presidents.

Mr. Cleveland sat down on a log to await the coming of a deer and carelessly held his gun with the muzzle pointed toward his own chest.

"Look out, there!" shouted Bruce. "What in thunder air ye doin'?"

"Why, what *am* I doing?" inquired Mr. Cleveland in astonishment.

"Doin'!" shouted Bruce again, "why, ye air a-settin' there with that gun a-pointin' at ye. Turn it around! Suppose it would go off. Drat ye, what would become of me? Don't you know I'm a black Republican?"

One of the Perquisites

WHEN President Roosevelt selected Eugene Ware, of Topeka, to be Pension Commissioner, he sent for Ware to tell him about it.

Ware is "Ironquill," the Kansas poet, and is not fond of the strenuous life.

"I don't like the place," protested Ware, after the President had told him what he intended to do.

"Oh, that's all right," replied the President cheerily, "and the longer you have it the less you will like it. You won't have to change any."

This Race Was to the Swift

THEY were telling tales of fright in battle in the cloak room of the House of Representatives. General "Joe" Wheeler, of Alabama, said that on one of the battlefields of the Civil War he met a private who was tearing toward the rear like a race-horse.

"Here," shouted General Wheeler, "what are you running for?"

"Running?" gasped the soldier. "Why, I'm running because I can't fly."

"Reminds me," said Colonel "Lon" Livingston, of Georgia, "of the man I saw when Sherman was marching across my State. He was whooping it up in great style. A rabbit ran out in front of him. He kicked the rabbit aside and said: 'Get out of my way, you, and give somebody a chance to run who *can* run.'"

For Good and Sufficient Reason

SENATOR JONATHAN P. DOLLIVER, the "silver tongued," had an engagement to speak at a county-seat in his State.

One of the prisoners in the jail, who had known Dolliver, was anxious to hear him talk. He wrote a note to the sheriff and told him how much he desired to hear the speech. He mentioned the acquaintance with Dolliver and asked permission to go up to the town square, pledging himself to return as soon as Dolliver had finished.

"The sheriff was a Democrat," Dolliver says, when he tells the story, "and as soon as he received the note he turned it over and wrote on the back of the paper: 'Permission granted. Rest of the sentence remitted.'"

A Delightful Occasion

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has one phrase of greeting. He is "*de*lighted" to see everybody and says so with rare enthusiasm.

A gentleman from Kentucky went in to see the President one day last spring. He sat in Secretary Loeb's office awaiting his turn. The President came bounding out of his private office to speak to Loeb and saw the Kentucky man sitting there. He looked inquiringly at Loeb and the Secretary at once made the proper introductions. The President shook the visitor's hand warmly, said he was "*de*lighted" and then went back to his office. In a few minutes he came into the room again, looked at the Kentucky visitor, and, apparently, recognized him as some one he had seen before, for he shook hands with him again and again was "*de*lighted."

This happened a third time, for the President was busy and much preoccupied.

"I am sorry you have to wait so long," said Loeb to the Kentuckian.

"Oh," he replied, "it's all right. I'm going to wait until I can get in there to see him. When a man's delighted to see me three times I guess he will give me what I want."

The Verdict of the (Gallery) Gods

THE late Judge Culberson, of Texas, father of Senator Culberson and for twenty years a leading Democrat in the House of Representatives, was a quaint old man.

He lectured his colleagues whenever he thought they were wrong. One day the majority of his party was for a bill he deemed iniquitous. The Judge rose to set them right.

"Here, you," he said, "you mustn't do this thing. It ain't right. It's contrary to the principles of the Democratic party. Don't you think you can do it and not get found out. You can't."

Then he waved his arm at the press gallery, filled with correspondents, and continued: "Look at them printers up there. Them printers will take it all down and tell the people. You can't get away from them printers, I tell ye, and you hadn't better try."

His Money's Worth

WILLIAM J. CONNERS, the Buffalo publisher and contractor, invested heavily in diamonds when he first began to make money.

He made a liberal display of fine gems one night in the Iroquois Hotel.

"Say, Jim," said a friend, "you shouldn't wear so many diamonds. It's considered vulgar."

"Vulgar, is it?" snorted Conners. "Well, maybe it is, but I notice them that has them wears them."

An Ethical Distinction

REPRESENTATIVE ROBINSON, of Indiana, was declaiming on the beauties of Nature.

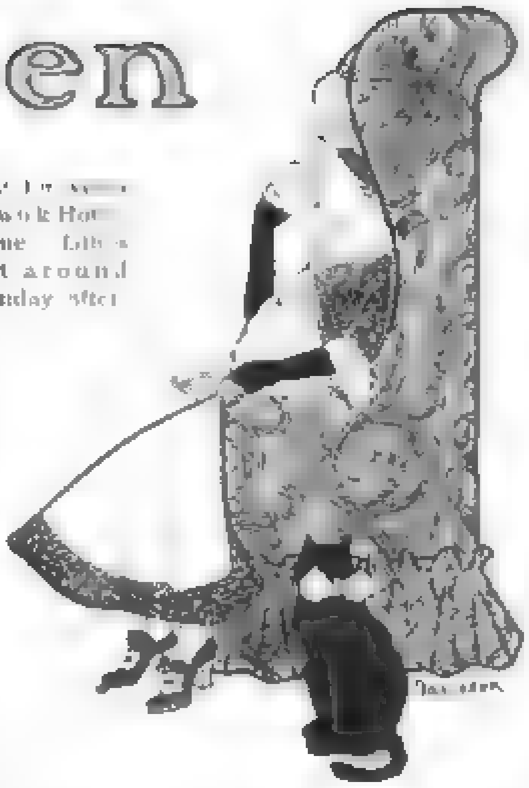
"I love to see the early morning sunshine kiss the dome of the Capitol, paint it golden and make it look glad."

"I'll bet you ten dollars you never saw it," said Representative Ruppert, of New York.

"My son," replied Robinson, "this is a poetical, not a bookmaking, proposition."

Negro Up or Negro Down

THE late Frederick S. Gibbs, member for New York of the Republican National Committee, was an inveterate practical joker. Two of his friends, who were partners with him in his jokes, or the objects of them, were Jacob Hess and Edward Gilmore, the theatrical manager.



Gilmore lived for years at the old Brunswick Hotel on Fifth Avenue. Gibbs and Hess went around there every Sunday afternoon to visit him. To vary the monotony of the calls they invented a game that had a betting feature which they called Negro Up or Negro Down. Gilmore or Hess would take one direction on the street and Gibbs the other, and they would wager five dollars that a negro would go up the street before one went down. Gibbs lost steadily.

One Sunday as he was walking around to the Brunswick he met a negro funeral on Twenty-fourth Street. He immediately made arrangements with the funeral director to have the funeral go over to Fifth Avenue and up that street. Then he hurried to the hotel.

"I'll take up street to-day," he announced.

"All right," said Gilmore.

In ten minutes the funeral came along, traveling up the street. There were one hundred and twenty in the cortège and Gibbs collected his $600. Then, after he had the laugh about it, he gave the money back.

The Least of His Troubles

SENATOR HAWLEY, of Connecticut, was born in Stewartsville, North Carolina. A time ago he went down to see his birthplace and when he returned told his friends about the trip.

"Why don't you buy the old place, Joe?" he was asked.

"What for?"

"Why, so you can leave it to posterity."

"Posterity?" growled Senator Hawley. "Do you think I am troubled by posterity? They will all be here when I'm dead."

A Patient Pail of Minnows

MARK SMITH, the delegate to Congress from Arizona, is a great fisherman. In company with the other members of the Congressional Fishing Club he goes often to Woodmont and tries for bass.

"Curious thing happened this trip," said Smith at a meeting of the club in the House of Representatives' cloak-room one day. "I went up to Woodmont fishing a year ago and had as fine a pail of minnows as you ever saw. I was just opposite that big elm on the bank of the pool when I dropped the pail, minnows and all, overboard and lost them.

"This year when I threw in opposite the elm I felt something on my line, and I'll be jiggered if I didn't bring up that pail of minnows, every one of them alive and all right."

"I suppose you used them again?" inquired "Uncle Joe" Cannon, as if he doubted the story.

"Certainly," replied the imperturbable Smith, "and caught the finest mess you ever saw."

A Laudable Enterprise

SENATOR HOAR, of Massachusetts, has a brother who shares the Senator's dry humor.

A notoriously mean and stingy man who lived in Worcester, the home of the Hoars, died, and a friend asked the younger Hoar if he intended to go to the funeral.

"No," he replied, "but I am in favor of it."

A Professional Hero

A POLITICIAN in St. Louis, of local fame, secured several offices on the strength of his war record and came to be a professional hero, who went about to gatherings of real soldiers and made flamboyant speeches.

One day, in a hall in East St. Louis, he dwelt with much emphasis on his own brave record in two battles. He said he was in the forefront of the van.

"How could that be?" asked a little man, who wore a G. A. R. button. "Those two battles you mention were fought on the same day and were fifteen hundred miles apart."

"My friends," shouted the hero, "there is a traitor among us. Put him out!"

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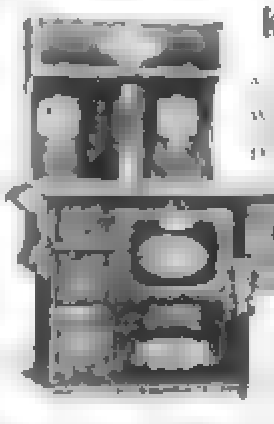

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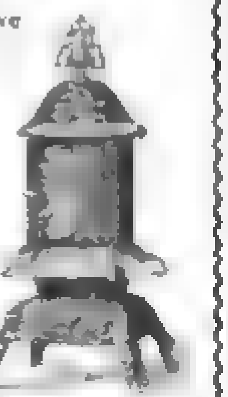

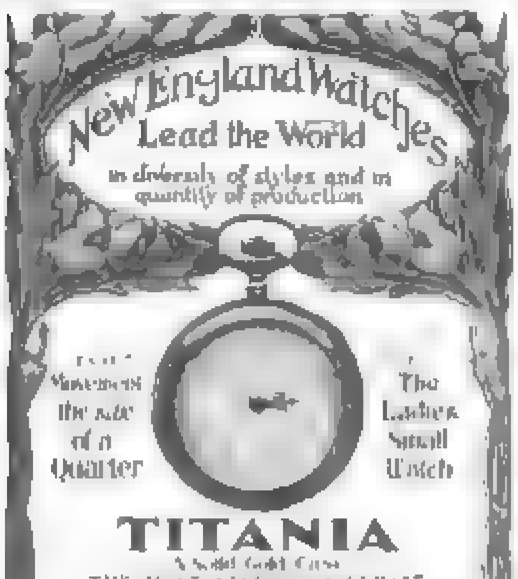

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Oddities & Novelties of Every-Day Science

WIRELESS TORPEDOES—They can be kept under accurate control from a hidden sending station.

FOR some time past the Navy Department has been conducting with the utmost secrecy experiments which are expected to evolve something new and valuable in the way of torpedoes. The automobile torpedo, as represented by the Whitehead "fish" pattern, seems to have reached about the limit of its development, being in fact a miniature submarine boat, cigar-shaped, twelve feet long, carrying machinery equipped with a propeller, and bearing on its nose a "war-head" filled with a high explosive. But the dirigible torpedo, which may be steered toward the target after its discharge, is as yet in its infancy.

The problem seems likely to be worked out successfully through the medium of "wireless" control and this is the task to which our naval experts have been devoting much of their attention. It is requisite that the "sending station," from which the dirigible fish torpedo is controlled, shall be either on land or on a ship, and the officer in charge ought to be able to govern the movements of the agent of destruction for a distance of five or six miles. That this will be accomplished before long is confidently believed, and there seems to be good reason for thinking that the range may be increased to fifteen or even twenty miles.

The Marconi system is employed, and the apparatus is said to cost only one-third as much as the Whitehead. Discharged from the sending station, the torpedo, which has the shape of a fish, remains as much under the control of the operator as if directed by a wire. Ether waves do the work, and the machine guided by the intelligence on shore or on shipboard and propelled by a screw, speeds on its way toward the target, traveling beneath the surface of the water.

AQUATIC LEATHERS—The hides of the hair seal, the white whale, the walrus and the porpoise are largely used in trade.

THE United States Fish Commission has recently assembled data which show that leathers obtained from aquatic mammals cut a considerable figure in the market at the present time.

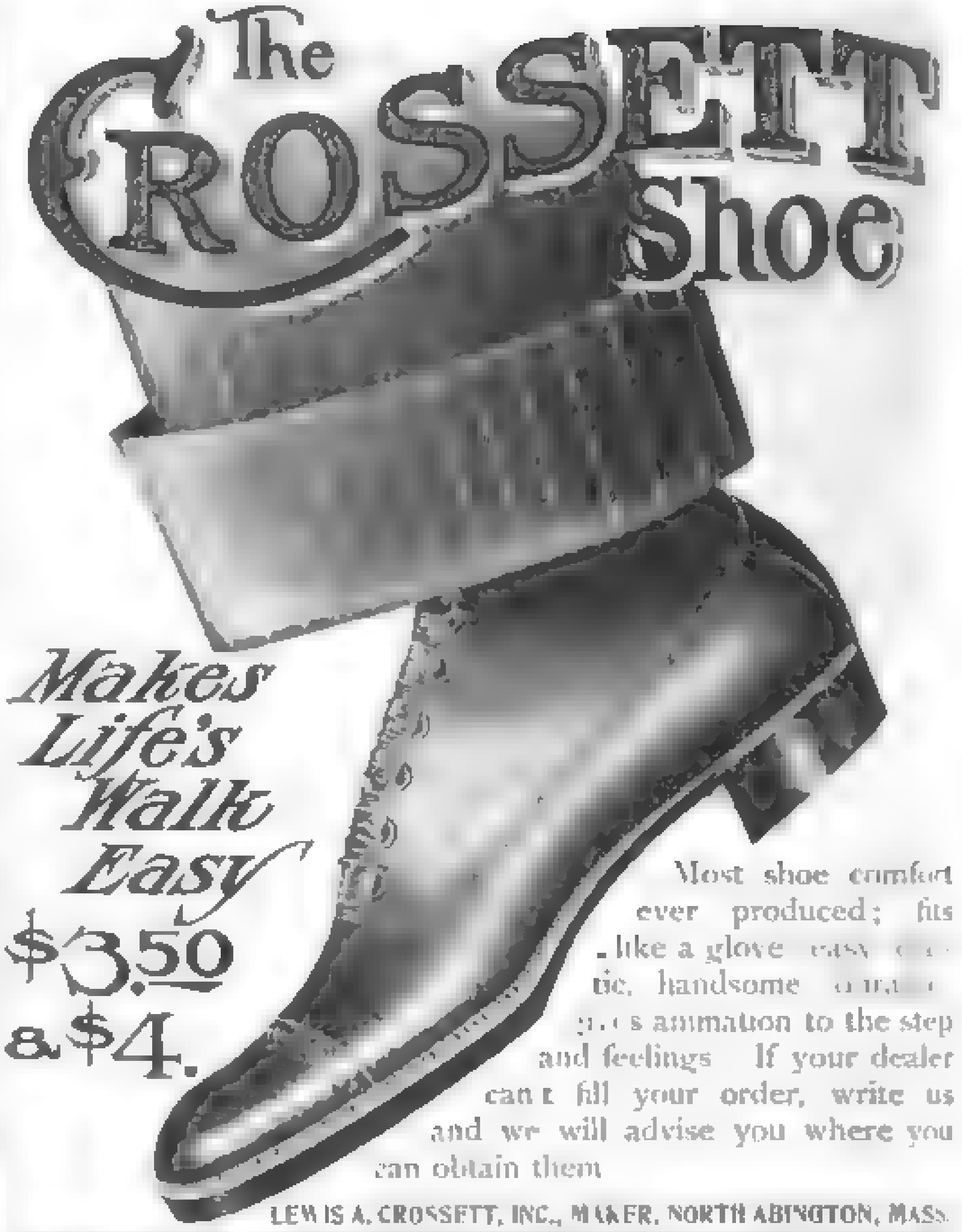
Of seal leather alone—derived from the hair seal, and not from the fur seal, of course—not less than $1,500,000 worth was produced last year. It is of a very superior quality, preferable to calfskin, and makes excellent boots and shoes. Fortunately, the hair seal, though persistently hunted, is as yet very numerous both in the North and South Atlantic, and the supply of its hides will not be exhausted for a long time to come.

The white whale, or "beluga," furnishes one of the best of all leathers—durable, strong and pliable. It is known in the market as "porpoise leather," and $200,000 worth of its hides are sold annually. One of its most important uses is for shoestrings.

The hide of the common harbor porpoise, or "puffing pig," is utilized to some extent, but the value of the skin of this interesting aquatic mammal is seriously impaired by the scars of sharks' teeth, from which it is rarely free. Porpoises are deadly enemies of sharks, and attack them whenever they have an opportunity. The fight is always interesting, and the porpoises usually win. Of much greater importance commercially is the Hatteras porpoise or "bottle-nosed dolphin," which furnishes an unscarred hide.

Large quantities of walrus hide find their way to market, the material being utilized chiefly for polishing jewelry and other ornamental objects. Like the sea-lion and sea-elephant, however, walruses are much given to fighting among themselves, and the skins of all three of these animals suffer so much from this cause that their commercial value is greatly diminished.

Along the Yukon in Alaska and in the region of the Amur in Asia, the skins of fishes, such as the salmon and cod, are largely used in the manufacture of clothing. After the scales are removed the integument is taken off in as big pieces as possible, and is then dried and worked with a scraper until pliable. When finished the leather resembles kid in appearance and, while very soft, is exceedingly tough and durable. The pieces are sewed together with a kind of thread made from fish skin.



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Cocoa Tea Cakes

CORN STARCH TALK

By MRS. HELEN ARMSTRONG

A child's craving for sweets is a very natural one, and should be gratified, but in a rational manner. When a child is allowed free access to the cake box or doughnut jar he is often tempted to eat when he would be much better off without food, so it is well to restrict the use of sweets to a legitimate place, as a dessert to the regular meal. Much meat is not a suitable diet for children, but starch and fats are very needful.

The fat of cream and good butter is easily assimilated and more digestible than the fat of meats. To furnish starch we have many food products to choose from, and sugar in various forms plays an important part. For pure starch we have nothing to compare with Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch, and it may be used in some dish daily without monotony. It is capable of infinite variety in preparation, and is both inexpensive and easy to use.

A simple cake that will please almost any child is one in which cocoa and Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch form a part. The receipt given makes a simple and attractive cake which will give no one a pang of regret for the eating.

COCOA TEA CAKES

Beat singly three large eggs into a scant cup of sugar creamed with a third of a cup of butter. When smooth and light add half a cup of milk and half a cup each of flour and Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch sifted with three level teaspoons of baking powder and one-fourth cup of cocoa. Beat well, add a little salt and half a teaspoon of vanilla. Place in muffin pans, sprinkle with chopped nuts and bake in moderate oven.

CORN STARCH TALKS TO [illegible]

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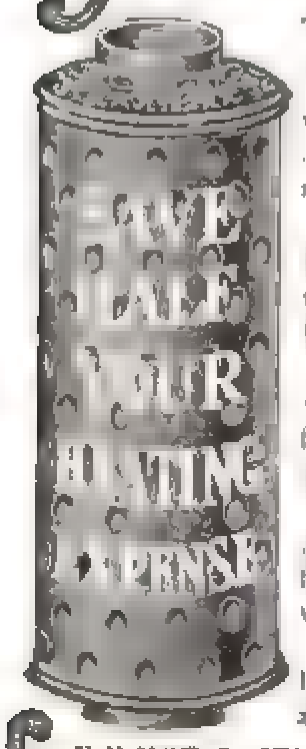

will save half your coal bill and give you a warmer, more evenly heated house.

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A Page-Davis Graduate [illegible] earning $[illegible] per week, former salary $[illegible]

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A Page-Davis Graduate in [illegible] earning $40 per week, former salary $18

A Page-Davis Graduate in [illegible] earning $45 per week, former salary $[illegible]

A Page Davis Graduate in Pueblo, [illegible] $25 per week former salary $[illegible]

A Page Davis Graduate in New York City [illegible] earning $6000 per year, former salary $2000.

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A Page-Davis Graduate in St. Paul, Minn., is now earning $30 per week, former salary $1[illegible]

A Page Davis Graduate in Cleveland, [illegible] earning $4000 per year, former salary $[illegible]

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A Page Davis Graduate in Chicago, [illegible] earning $25 per week, former salary $[illegible]

A Page Davis Graduate in [illegible] earning $40 per week, former salary $1[illegible]

A Page Davis Graduate in [illegible] earning $40 per week, former salary $[illegible]

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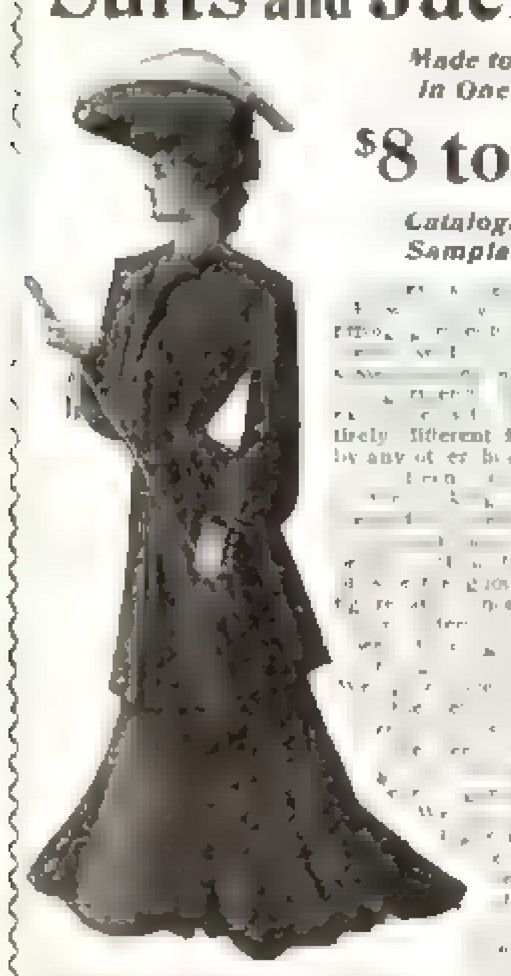

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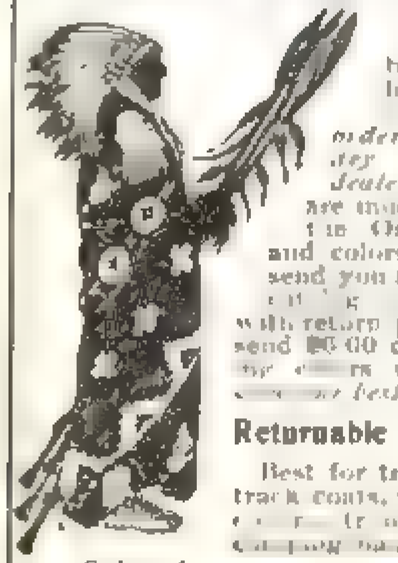

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Their Wedding Day

By Charles Battell Loomis

Author of "Cheerful Americans," Etc.

I WAS traveling last summer up through Vermont on the sort of journey that it pleases me to make now and then. That is, I did not really know my destination, but relied on my instinct to indicate a good stopping place. I had a mileage book and the conductor seemed amused because I had twice decided to stay on the train a little longer. A certain village had attracted me, but just as I was about getting off the train I saw the big chimney of a factory and concluded to go to a place where it was absolutely "country."

At Rutland a young man of some twenty-four years came aboard and sat down beside me. As a general thing I do not invite confidences, perhaps because of a certain austerity of demeanor, an inheritance from my grandfather, but quite belying my natural disposition. I never hold aloof from people and I am always glad if a seat mate will talk to me, but he rarely will.

This man, however, would have talked to a graven image. He was one of those whose hearts are worn upon the sleeves of any garment they may happen to be in, and after the usual weather imbecilities had passed he said:

"I'll bet I'm the happiest man on this train."

Now I was feeling rather happy myself, inasmuch as it was my first day of a well earned vacation, and I questioned his assertion, saying:

"You must have an extra good reason if you're any happier than I am. A man who can't be happy in such weather as this in a countryside like this must be a pessimist."

"Well, I'm a Methodist myself, but it ain't religion that makes me happy. Fact is," said he, after a pause in which he seemed to be waiting for me to ask the cause of his content, "the fact is that I'm going to be married to-day to the prettiest girl in the county."

I would have resented it if some people had exposed their hearts so shamelessly, as it were, but this young fellow was so simple, so perfectly ingenuous that I was no more abashed than if a child had given me a similar bit of news about a playmate.

I congratulated him and he smiled as if at pleasant thoughts, and went on:

"Yes, half a dozen fellers were after her, but me and Cy Allen came in ahead. She said she didn't care a rap which one of us she married, and if I didn't get to the house in time she'd marry Cy anyway. Cy's to be my best man—that is," said he, with a sly chuckle, "if he gets there in time."

"Do you mean to tell me that this Cy wanted to marry the young lady and yet consents to be your best man?"

"Why not? We've been friends all our lives. If she'd taken Cy I was go'n' to be best man for him. You see ther's lots of pretty girls around and if I didn't get Jenny I'd get some other."

I was a bit disgusted. "Oh, then, it wouldn't disappoint you if you didn't marry her?"

"Yes it would," said he earnestly, "yes it would, now, seein' she's chose me. She was my first choice among all the girls and I'd rather lose my job than lose her."

"What is your job?" asked I.

"I'm foreman in a machine shop in Rutland."

This suggested some questions quite irrelevant to the subject we had been pursuing, but interesting to me and so interesting to him that we became absorbed in our talk. My subconsciousness told me that we stopped at a flag station; indeed I read its name as we pulled out, but I never would have thought of it again if our passing a gigantic elm, evidently a landmark for miles around, had not caused my friend to say with an oath,

"Why, we've passed Grantley!"

"Yes, that was the last station. I noticed the name as we passed."

"Jumpin' Judas! That's where I was go'n' to get off. That's where Jenny lives."

He pulled out his watch and looked at it.

"Half past ten and we're to be married at eleven."

I became sympathetic at once. "Can't you go back on the next train?" said I.

"Ain't no passenger train until twelve."

"Can't you walk back?"

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He shook his head. "Not in time. It's four miles."

"Well, she'll wait, won't she?"

"That's the pesky part of it. She won't wait, not if Cy gets to her before I do."

"Oh, Cy isn't there, then?"

Again the sly smile. "Well, I rather guess not. I think he missed this train."

A picture of a man getting off from the car ahead at Grantley came to me and I said:

"There was a man jumped off at Grantley."

"Jumpin' Ju—— What sort of lookin' man was he?"

What a curious thing the mind is. I had hardly been conscious of the descent of the passenger but now I was able to recollect his appearance.

"He was red headed and he had a flaring mustache—a fierce one."

"Cy! He caught it, after all. I watched the platform till the train came in at Rutland and I didn't see him, and I was the last to swing on. He must ha' got on on the other side. Ye see, I had a friend of mine in Rutland delay him a little because he's a little bit tricky, and although I asked him to be best man I intended gettin' the bindin' part of the ceremony over before he come. I didn't mind his bein' best man with Jenny my better half. Lost her, by thunder! I can't get there by eleven."

I endeavored to console him although he really seemed like a comic opera figure and not to be taken seriously.

"But you say there are lots of other ones to be had for the mere asking."

"Yes, but they ain't Jenny, after all. I'd sort of set my heart on marryin' her to-day and it's disappointin'."

We were slowing up for the next station.

"Maybe you're not too late yet. Why don't you telephone from here?"

"By George, I hadn't thought of that. You get off here?"

"Yes, I might as well as not," said I, getting my suit-case out of the rack. My mileage had been torn off for twenty miles farther, but I made up my mind to stop off and see this comedy through.

"If I can help you any way, I'd like to," said I.

"You might telephone," said he as we stepped off the car. "I ain't used to the pesky things."

We went toward a pay station which was in the general store opposite the station and I said, "What's Miss Jenny's number?"

"By—ginger!" said he, "she ain't got a telephone."

I could have kicked him for an imbecile. There were perhaps seven houses in the place and they were painfully plain. Nothing picturesque about them. Was it for this I had got off the train? The marriage incident closed and I set down at Nowhere.

The blunderer looked the picture of despair for a minute and then his eye lighted up and he said, "Ther's a telephone in Grantley's feed store. Maybe Jim Grantley would carry a message to Jenny. It ain't more'n an eighth of a mile."

We were standing on the steps of the general store.

"To be sure," said I. "Hurry, man." I looked at my own watch. "It's a quarter to eleven."

"Tremblin' Moses!" said he. "Only fifteen minutes. Cy won't wait a minute after eleven."

He was so flustered that I took matters into my own hands. We entered the store and I said briskly, "I'd like to use your telephone."

"Help yourself," said the pleasant-faced storekeeper, "automatic."

I opened the telephone book and easily found the number I wanted, as it was the only telephone in Grantley.

"Give me 108-1," said I.

In a minute "Central" told me to drop in the toll and I did so, and heard the musical "ding" that told her I had done so.

"Go ahead," said "Central."

"Is this Grantley's?"

"Yes, what do you want? Hurry up, for I'm just shuttin' up the store."

I don't know what prompted me, but I said:

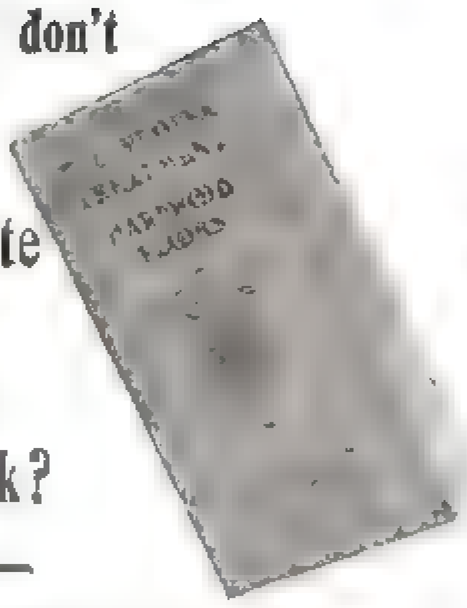
"Going to the wedding?"

"Yes. Who be you?"

I turned to the disconsolate bridegroom. "It's the feed store. What do you want to say? He says he's just going to close the store to go to your wedding."

"Tell him I want to speak to Jenny Fosdick."

"Hold on a minute," said I to the feed store. Then I turned to the bridegroom. "It isn't likely that Miss Fosdick will come to the store in all her wedding finery. Where is she being married?"



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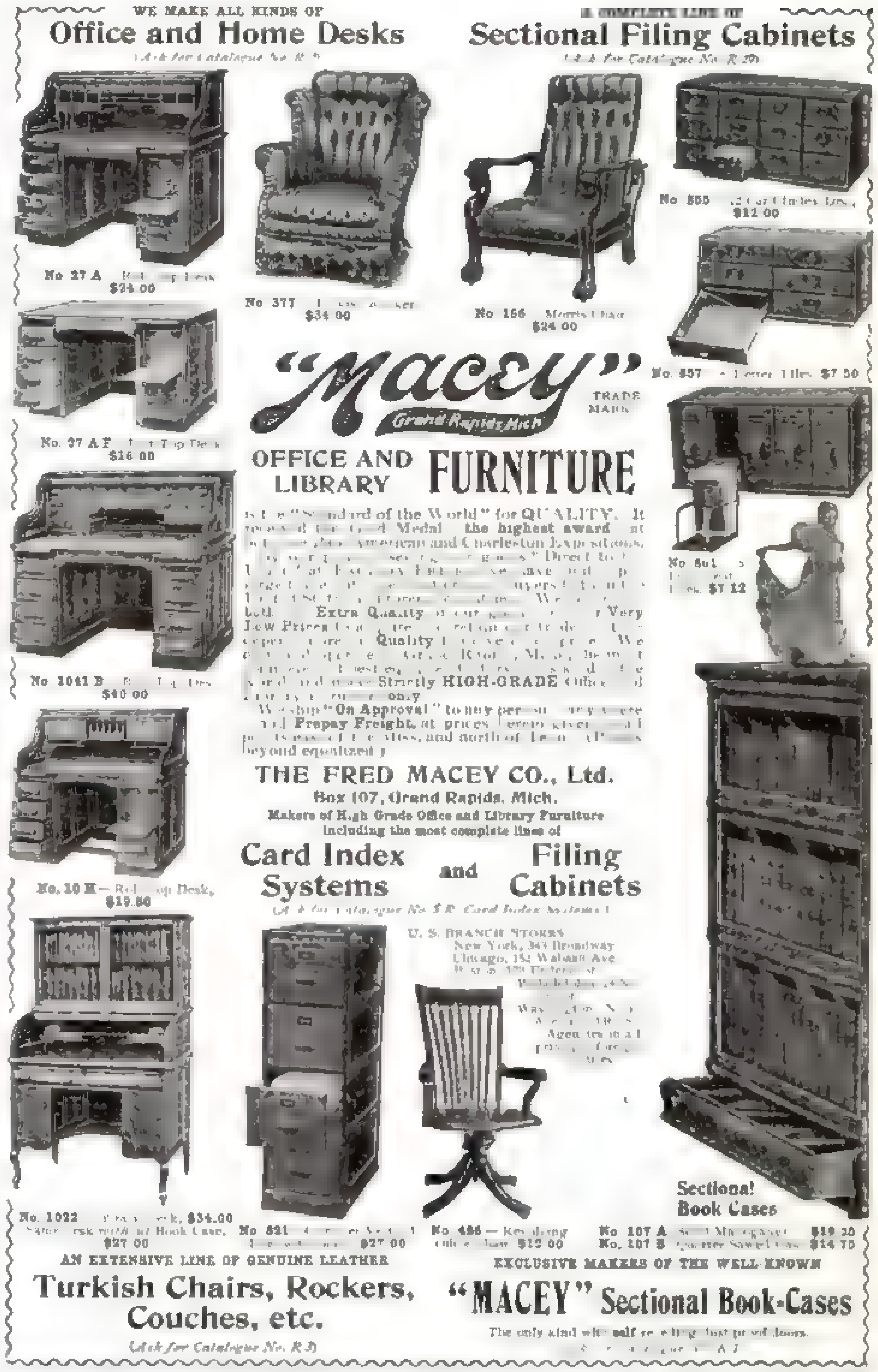

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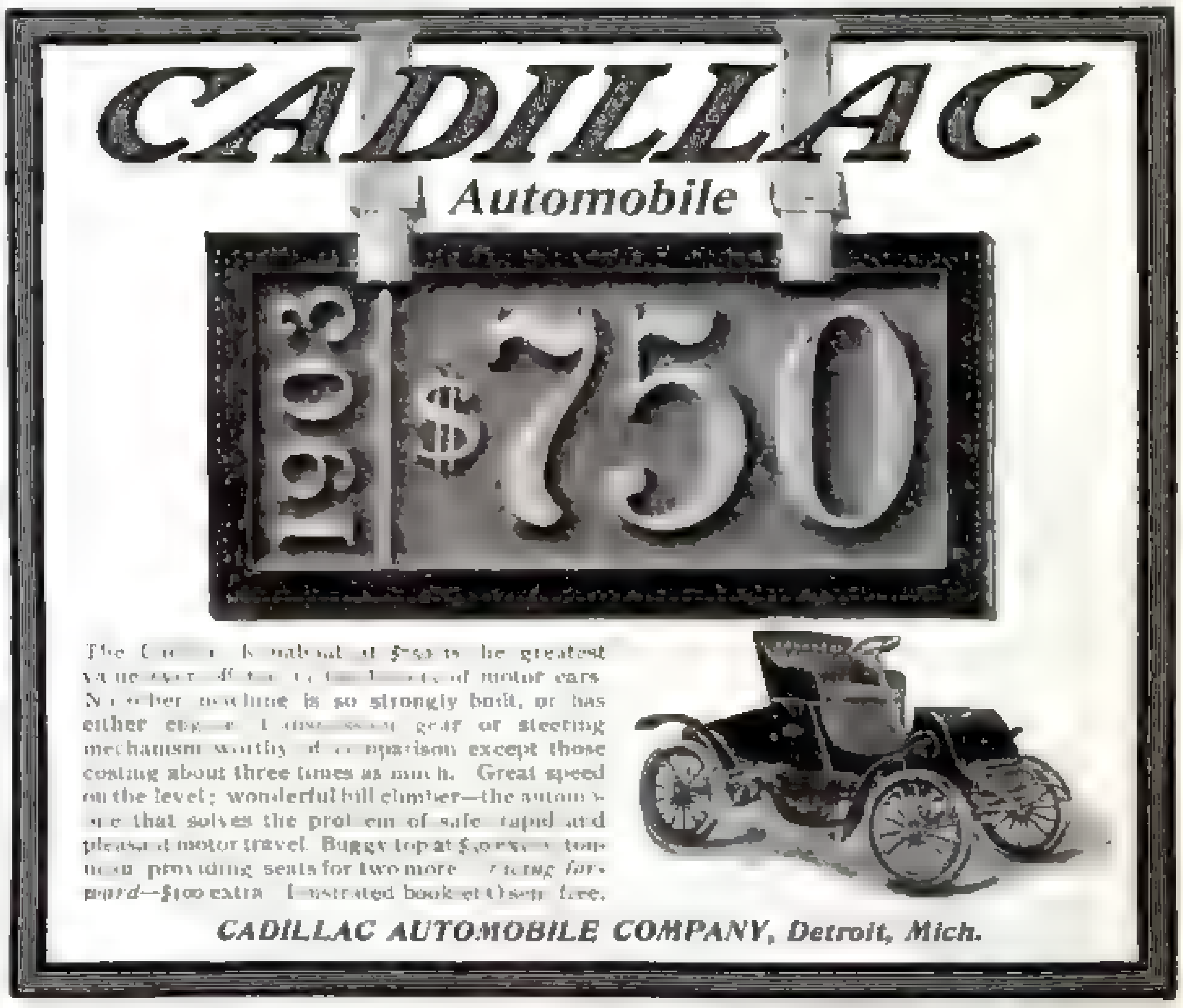

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"Gosh, I hope nowher'," said he with a sickly grin; "but it's to be in her boarding-house at Mrs. Sefton's. Jenny's an orphan."

"Hello! hello!" came impatiently from the feed store.

"You'd better call for your friend Cy."

He hesitated and again the question came from Grantley, "Who be you? Git a gait [illegible]"

I ignored the feed man's question as to who was calling him up, and taking matters into my own hands once more I said:

"Tell Cyrus——(What's his name?"

"Allen. Cy Allen," said the bridegroom.

"Tell Cy Allen to come to the 'phone and call up—call up 107-1 as soon as he can. Very important."

"Why, he's to be best man at the wedding," said the feed man.

"I know it," said I, "but it's very important."

"All right, good-by," and as he forgot to ring off I heard him running out of the store.

So far so good, but now suppose Cyrus did not come to the telephone until he had married Jenny? And when he did come, what could I say? I was not going to lie to oblige my friend, and he did not seem to have a great deal of initiative himself.

"By the way, what's your name?" said I.

"Alonzo Buckingham."

Now, my grandmother on the maternal side was a Buckingham, of Manchester, Vermont, and as I am interested in genealogical matters we compared notes, and I found to my astonishment that this raw-boned, simple-minded youth was my fourth cousin once removed. This gave him a new hold on my allegiance and I determined to help him even to the point of stretching the truth, for the attitude of Cyrus was, you might almost say, criminal, and—circumstances alter cases.

"What'll I tell him when he comes?" said I, when I judged it was time for Cyrus to have reached the store.

"Tell him I got carried by and that I'm coming back at noon. Ask him to wait. Tell him I'd do as much for him."

"Look here," said I with amused disgust. "You can't expect him to wait if matters stand the way they do. You've lost a point by missing your station, and if he doesn't take advantage of it he doesn't deserve Miss Fosdick either."

"Why; don't you think I deserve her?"

"Never mind that—what are you going to say?"

He hesitated. I looked at my watch. It was five minutes to eleven.

"I'm sorry I didn't insist on Miss Fosdick's coming," said I. "She could have chosen between you." I was as keenly interested in this game now as if I had been about to marry her myself.

The telephone bell rang.

"Hello, who's that?" said I.

"Cy Allen. Who wants me?"

Alonzo, who was standing at the door of the booth, looked inspired. "Tell him to come to his uncle's house on the freight. There's a freight leaves Grantley just after eleven."

"Did you say his uncle is sick?" said I to Alonzo, with a lack of straightforwardness that was reprehensible. I also held my mouth to the transmitter so that Cy could hear me.

"Is Uncle Will sick?" said Cyrus, a note of alarm in his voice. Evidently the young man was fond of his uncle.

I feigned not to understand.

"Come at once. Bub-bub-bub-bub-bub. Has the freight passed?"

He heard the last part all right.

"No, the freight is here now."

"Take it," said I; "bub bub bub-bub-bub."

"I don't get that last. What's the matter with Uncle Will?"

"What did you say? Don't miss the freight."

"I say, *what is the matter with Uncle Will?*"

"Say that again," said I, although I felt sorry for him. Alonzo, who could hear Cyrus almost as plainly as I, was doubled up with mirth.

"I'll take the train. What do you say is the matter with Uncle Will. I get everything but that? Won't the two o'clock do?"

"Your Uncle Will bub-bub-bub bub bub."

"Burst a blood vessel?"

"Don't delay," said I, and with a sudden inspiration I rang off.

"Will he take the train?" said I as I came out of the box.

"Yes, he will. He thinks a heap of his Uncle Will. You know Cyrus lives here with

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his uncle but he works in Rutland in the same shop I do. He introduced me to Jenny."

"Oh, that's it? Well, I guess you've got him away from her now. But how are you going to get back there? Can you hire a team?"

Alonzo's eyes brightened. "That freight meets one here. I'll go back on it and explain how it happened to Jenny, and then we'll get married."

"Suppose Cyrus sees you when he gets off the train [illegible] may [illegible]"

[illegible] turned to the [illegible] on a [illegible] "Has the down freight come in?"

"Just this minute," was the answer.

"It [illegible]

"Yes, unless the other's late? Then they pass at Grantley."

"Thank you. [illegible] day."

We crossed over to the station and there stood the train about a hundred yards below on a siding.

"Now you want to keep out of sight of your friend."

"I know it, but I'd love to see him get off the train. He never was so badly fooled as he will be when he gets here and finds his Uncle Will all right."

"How do you know he's all right? Maybe something has happened to him."

"Don't look much like it," said Alonzo, pointing to a very tall stout man who was [illegible] milk cans. "He's [illegible] of empties on the up-freight and Cy'll see him the first thing."

"I think it's a shame to play on a fellow's feelings that way," said I.

Alonzo grinned. He was not real handsome. "Yes," said he, "but it had to be or else I'd be courting some girl not half as nice as Jenny."

Alonzo was just about the stature that thinks itself irresistible — short, but stretching upward [illegible]

"You needn't buy a ticket. I have mileage," said I.

We walked down to the caboose and boarded it and sat down in a corner well out of sight. It was not at all likely that Cyrus would see Alonzo.

It was a good quarter of an hour before we heard the whistle of the up freight.

Alonzo began to chuckle. "It'll be a [illegible] Will [illegible]"

The freight pulled slowly in and came to a stop and a minute later we pulled out.

I walked to the car platform, for being unknown it would make no difference if Cy did see me.

[illegible] talking [illegible] station [illegible] Will was [illegible] tainly the picture of health. On the contrary, Cy seemed to be amused at something, and just before we ran out of sight Uncle Will slapped him on the back.

He had evidently determined to make the best of it.

We made the journey to Grantley in [illegible] spirits. I was most anxious to see "Jenny" and find out what sort of a looking girl she was.

At last we pulled up at the station. As we alighted I noticed that the platform was covered with rice.

"Hello, they're preparing for you," said I.

A man who turned out to be Mr. [illegible] was talking to the station agent. He turned and saw Alonzo and said, "Well, you're a nice feller. I thought this was your weddin' day?"

"So it is," said Alonzo, somewhat sheepishly. "I missed the [illegible]"

"You missed the bride, you mean."

"Why, where's Jenny [illegible]?"

"There ain't no such person. She waited [illegible] married her to Cy [illegible] here and they've gone to Hillston on the freight. Cy's Uncle Will had a stroke, or suthin' happened him. He couldn't quite make out. Kind of sad beginnin' for their honeymoon."

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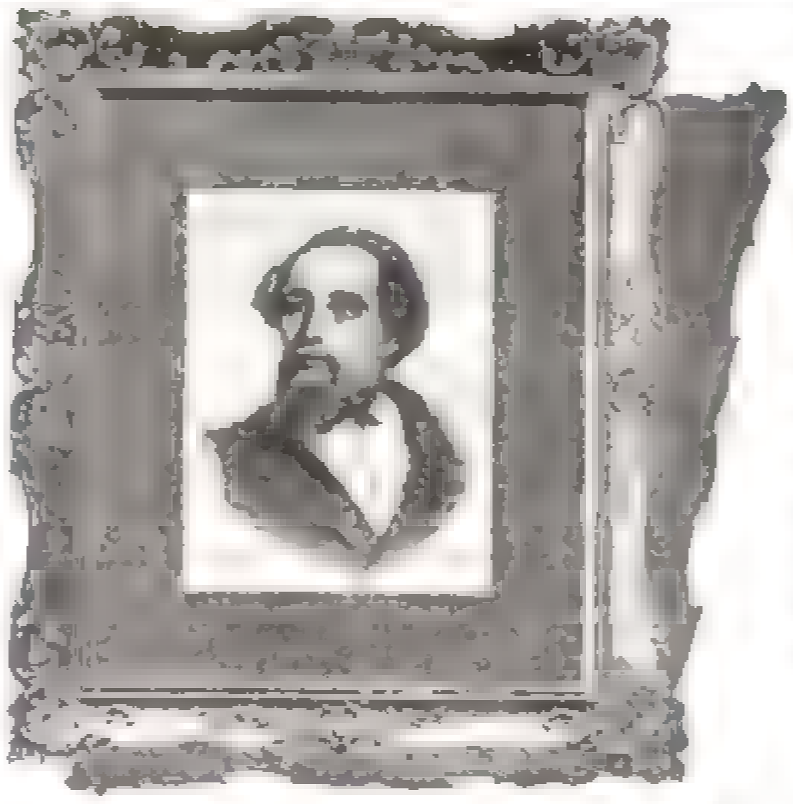

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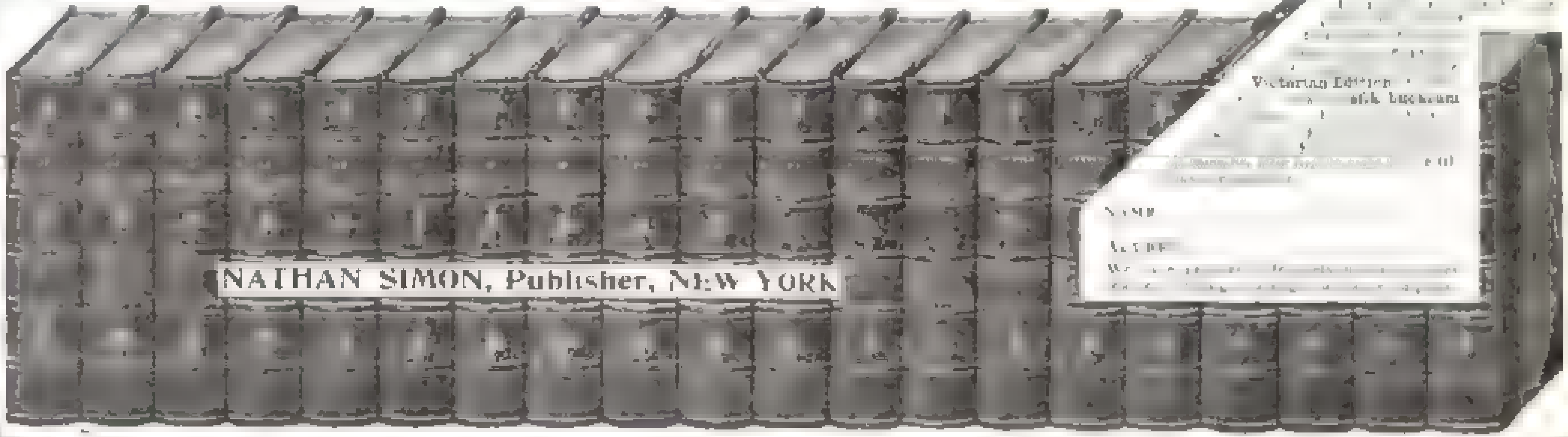

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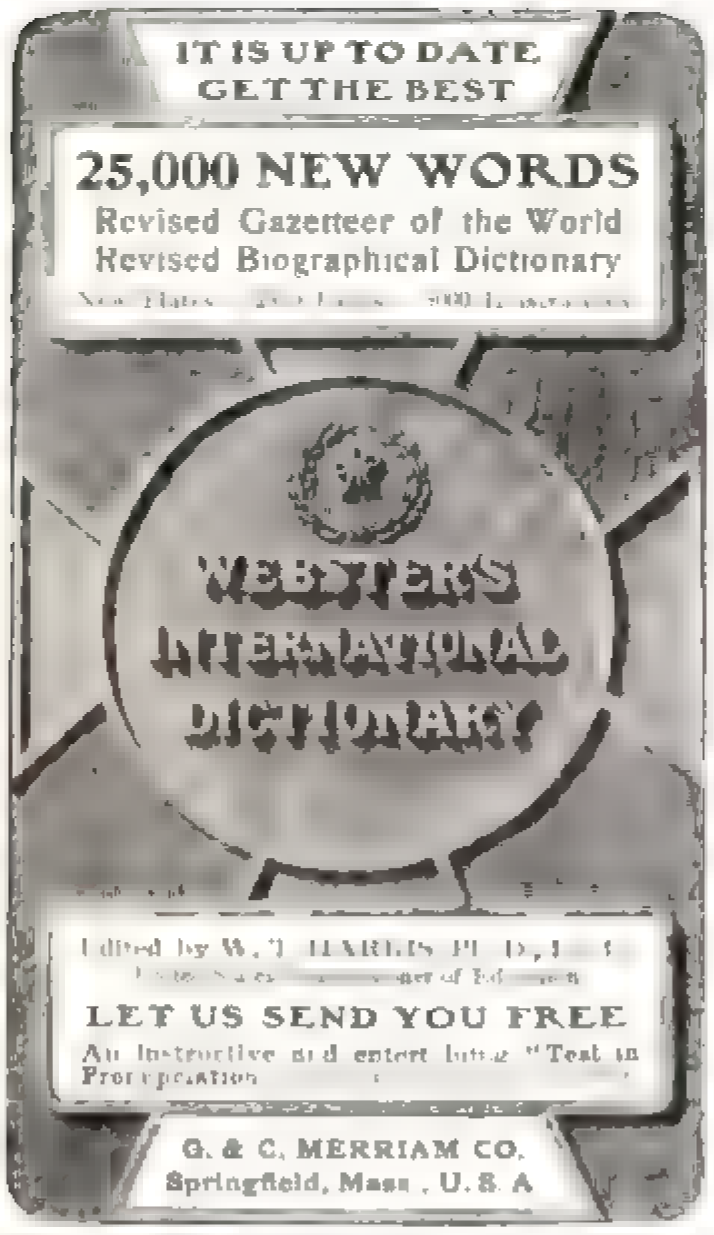
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"All we have of freedom, all we use or know —
This our fathers bought for us long and long ago.

Ancient Right unnoticed as the breath we draw —
Leave to live by no man's leave, underneath the Law.

Lance and torch and tumult, steel and gray goose wing
Wrenched it, inch and ell and all, slowly from the King."

— which is also verse of the moment and, if you will, party verse, but so breathed upon and vivified by the spirit of a whole people that it differs from a stump speech as might an oration of Burke's. Or the Recessional, with its now familiar refrain of

"Lest we forget — lest we forget

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"Me that 'ave been what I've been,
  Me that 'ave gone where I've gone,
Me that 'ave seen what I've seen —
  'Ow can I ever take on
With awful old England again,
  And 'ouses both sides of the street
And 'edges two sides of the lane,
  And the parson an' gentry between,
  Me that 'ave been what I've been?"

— a note, to say the least, not in harmony with the reverence, the truly Colonial reverence,

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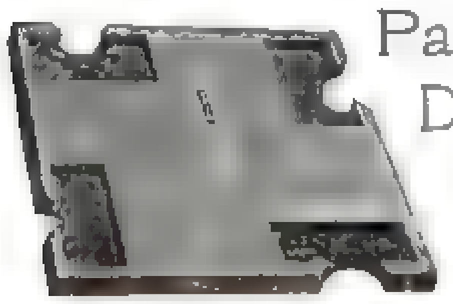

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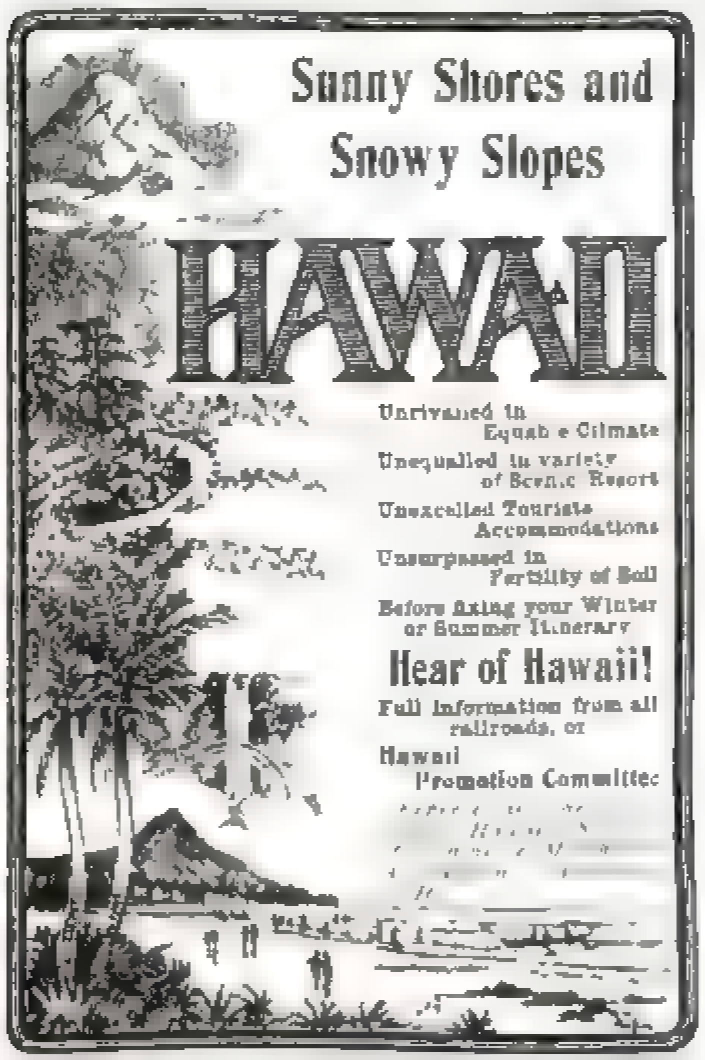

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"'That's the first thing—and the second, sir! What is it an American craves when he's far from home? . . . . Mother's pies! Mother's apple pies! That's what they'll cry for when they're well enough not to want the medicine. And there you have the combination that will make a customer of every man on the Pacific Coast—apple pie and belly-ache medicine.'"

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'So am I,' said [illegible].

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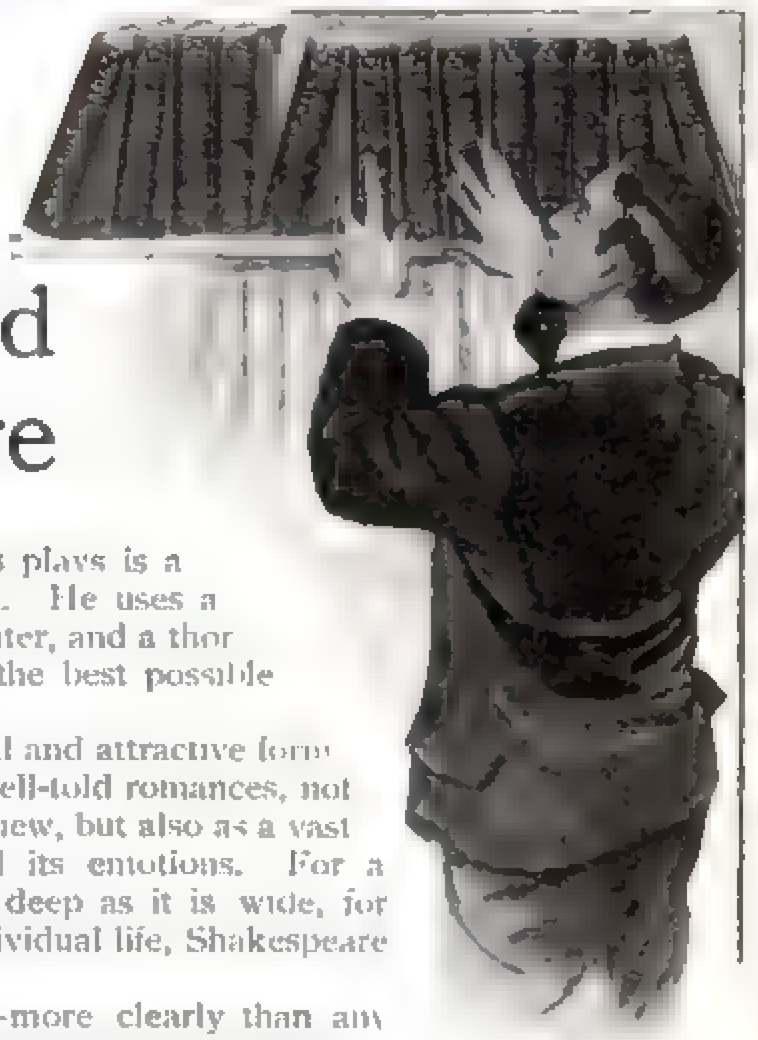

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The Home Study of Science

Biology or Life Science

By William T. Sedgwick

Professor of Biology, Massachusetts Institute of Technology. [illegible]

IN THE years between 1850 and 1860 the microscope was revealing facts of structure beyond the range of the naked eye, which pointed most suggestively not only to a present near relationship of living forms one with another but also in a startling fashion, to an earlier identity of ancestry.

At this time also, namely, about the middle of the century, Charles Darwin and Alfred Russel Wallace — the former an Englishman living near London, but a naturalist who had traveled on the ship Beagle to the Pacific, the latter — also an Englishman, but studying in the Malay Archipelago surrounded by a superabundance of tropical life — were separately pondering the same great question: "How did the plants and animals that we see all about us come to be what they are, if they were not made originally as we see them? Clearly they must have had some origin, or beginning, or history; and this "origin" of the various kinds, or "species," of plants and animals was a profound and puzzling problem.

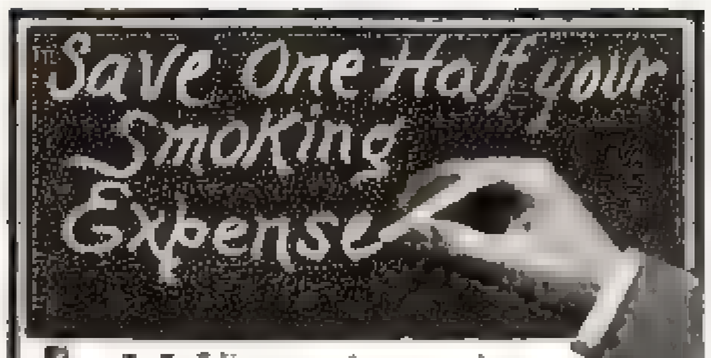
Fortunately Darwin has told us in his Autobiography, which is so brief that it ought to be read by everybody interested in science (it may be found in his Life and Letters edited by his son, Francis Darwin, the botanist), how, as early as 1838, after he had been collecting facts "without any theory" in regard to domesticated plants and animals for some fifteen months, he had already "perceived that selection was the keystone of man's success in making useful races of animals and plants. But how selection could be applied to organisms living in a state of nature remained for some time a mystery" to him. Fortunately, the great biologist "happened to read for amusement Malthus on 'Population,' and being well prepared to appreciate the struggle for existence which everywhere goes on, from long continued observation of the habits of animals and plants, it at once struck me that under these circumstances favorable variations would tend to be preserved and unfavorable ones to be destroyed. The result of this would be the formation of new species."

The Most Marvelous Achievement of Biology

This was the pregnant beginning of what has proved to be on the whole the most marvelous achievement of all science in the nineteenth century, namely, *the discovery of the method by which, most probably, the various kinds of plants and animals which we see upon this globe have come to be what they are.* But it was only the beginning, and Darwin says that even at that time he overlooked one problem of great importance, namely, "the tendency in organic beings descended from the same stock to diverge in character as they became modified." "I can remember," he says, "the very spot in the road whilst in my carriage when to my joy the solution occurred to me . . . The solution, as I believe, is that the modified offspring of all dominant and increasing forms *tend to become adapted* to many and highly diversified places in the economy of nature." This is the phenomenon which sooner or later rises with overpowering meaning before every thoughtful student of life science. It was this wonderful fact of the "*adaptation*" or "fitness" of things in nature which inspired Paley in his remarkable writings, it was this "adaptation" which was the underlying thought in Bishop Butler's "Analogy," a book famous in the schools of the last generation. It was this "adaptation" in the frog and the insect which claimed our consideration at the beginning of the first paper; facts of adaptation so precise and remarkable as to fix our attention and compel our admiration wherever seen; adaptations so marvelous as to incite our curiosity and inflame our desire for explanation.

Who or what, for example, gave to the lion of the desert his tawny coat, his best disguise in stealing upon his prey, his best means of his concealment from his enemies? or to the tiger his stripes, a safe disguise among the shadows of the jungle grasses? or to the

Editor's Note. — This is the second of two papers on Biology by Professor Sedgwick in the series, The Home Study of Science.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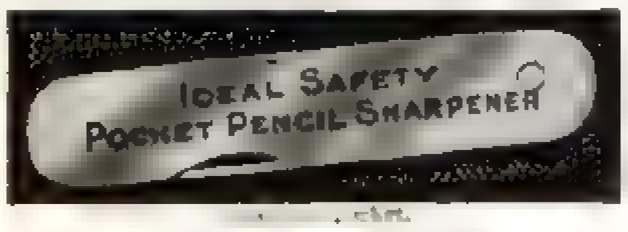
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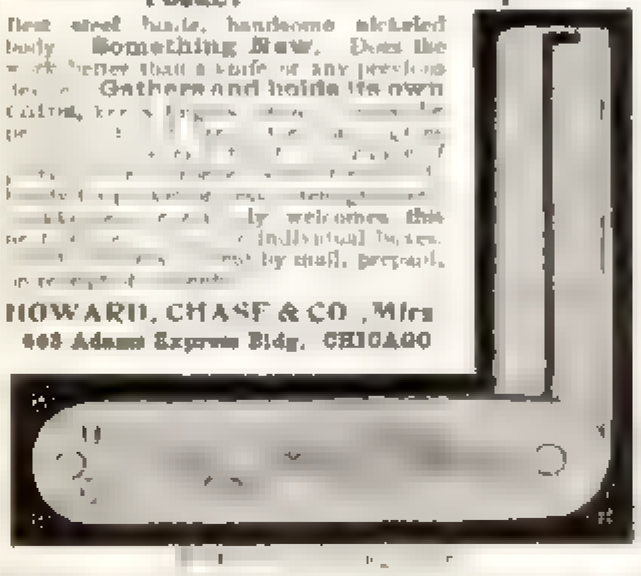

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Remunerative Employment

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THEY KNOW THE BUSINESS

Here are a few voluntary testimonials. I have many of the same character. They come from those who through my teaching intend to make advertising their life work and from others who wish to use the knowledge to advertise their business.

Elmer Helms, Instructor [illegible]

A. Stanley Cook, Merchant [illegible] I would be pleased to give you my recommendation, especially to merchants who realize their need for help in the matter of successful advertising.

Ettie L. Potter, Booklet Writer [illegible] be recommended [illegible] to any one considering a course in advertising [illegible] will receive [illegible] practical training.

W. E. Katenkamp, [illegible]

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NEW YORK CITY. "Your course in advertising is thorough and leaves no part of the subject untouched." DAVID E. FRIEND.

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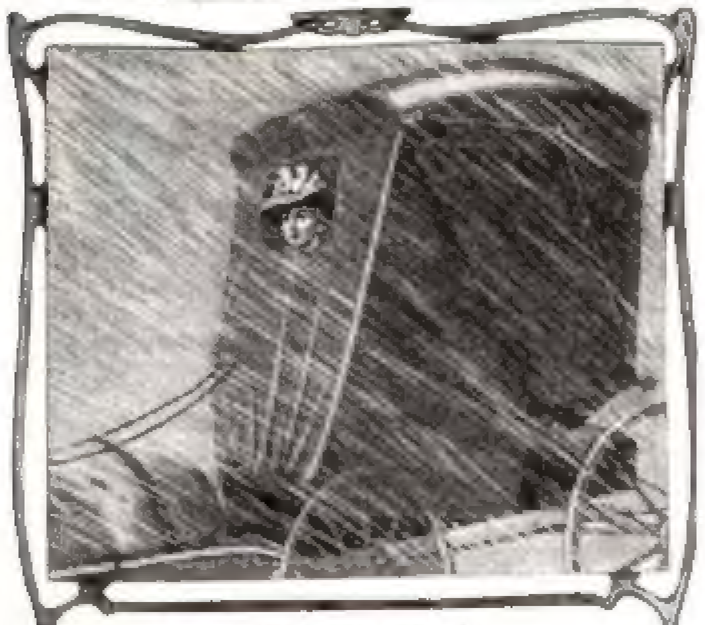

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leopard his spots, close counterfeit of spots cast upon the limbs and leaves of trees by shafts of sunlight making their way through foliage in which leopards lie in wait for quarry? How came the eye to be adapted for seeing, the ear for hearing, the heart for beating, or the voice for singing, for weeping, for laughter? The origin of the various species of locomotives, of railway coaches, of Pullman cars, we know; but how about the origin of the various breeds of pigeons, of roses, of dogs, of men?

Vital Points for Consideration

And yet, when Darwin and Wallace had pondered long enough upon these every-day facts and the reasons for them, they perceived that, broadly speaking, the matter is comparatively simple, if only we take the facts in this order, namely:

(*a*) *More plants and animals are born into the world than can possibly survive.* This fact is manifest if we reflect upon the number of acorns produced by individual oaks; the grains of corn, wheat and barley annually generated in agriculture; the many apples and their seeds borne year after year by a single tree; the "spat" of oysters and clams; the multitudinous young of domesticated animals — ducks, geese, chickens and the like. If all these should survive to reach old age, food and standing room upon the habitable globe would not suffice either for them or for mankind.

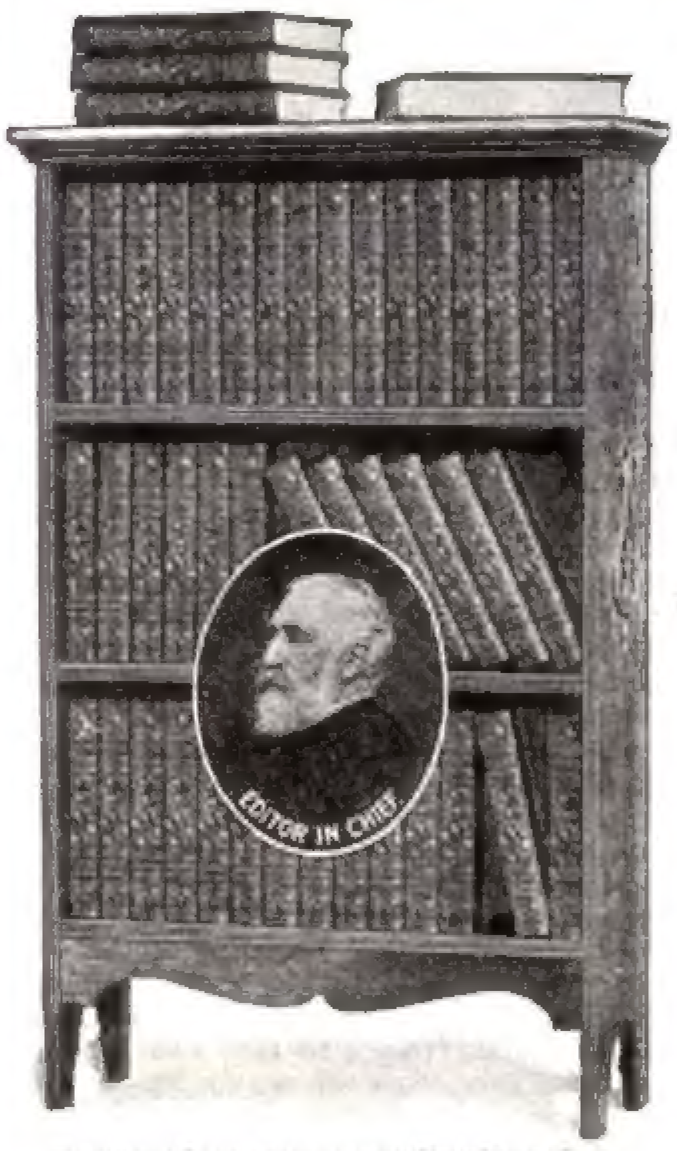
(*b*) Inevitably, therefore, there comes about a *Struggle for Individual Existence;* a struggle for standing room and for food; a struggle with living competitors; a struggle with lifeless physical conditions such as heat, and drought, and flood, and famine. No man or woman reaches adult life without realizing more or less keenly the fact that even for him or her, however fortunately placed, there is and must be, forever, or as long as life lasts, a struggle for existence. This struggle, bringing failure or success, is perhaps nowhere more familiarly or more forcibly illustrated than in the Parable of the Seeds, commonly called the Parable of the Sower: "Behold, a sower went forth to sow; And when he sowed, some seeds fell by the way side, and the fowls came and devoured them up: Some fell upon stony places, where they had not much earth: and forthwith they sprung up, because they had no deepness of earth: And when the sun was up, they were scorched; and because they had no root, they withered away. And some fell among thorns; and the thorns sprung up, and choked them: But other fell into good ground, and brought forth fruit." And of these last, we may add, some doubtless more fruit than others or better fruit, according as they themselves made use of the "good ground" into which they fell.

The Most Fortunate Question of the Age

(*c*) These facts, namely, (*a*) overproduction of new individuals, and (*b*) the consequent struggle for existence which ensues, had long been familiar to Darwin, who, putting them together, asked of Nature what was perhaps the most fortunate question of the age, namely: "*In view of the overproduction of individuals and their struggle for existence, which will survive and leave descendants?*" And to him and his friend Wallace came the answer: "In the struggle for existence those individuals and kinds best adapted to their surroundings will naturally conquer," or, in the words of Herbert Spencer, the outcome of "*a*" and "*b*" taken together will be "the survival of the fittest." It was not Herbert Spencer, however, but Darwin, who, putting "*a*" and "*b*" together, first realized that Nature, like the breeder of domesticated plants and animals, picks and chooses, as it were, or "selects," for "survival" and for "breeding," the "fittest" forms, those most "adapted" to her requirements or conditions. And at first Darwin called this survival of the fittest "*natural selection*," as the natural counterpart of that artificial selection which he had seen working so potently in the hands of the breeders of domesticated plants and animals; but afterward Herbert Spencer invented for this all-important phenomenon the more telling phrase "the survival of the fittest," and Darwin cheerfully adopted it.

What the Survival of the Fittest Means

The survival of the fittest, either with plants or animals, does not mean necessarily the survival of those which are the tallest, or the biggest, or the handsomest, or the best in any respect, humanly speaking, but simply those best "adapted" to their surroundings or environment. If, for example, my frog should



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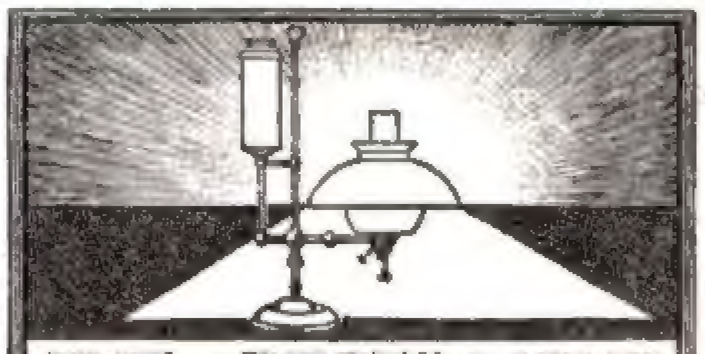

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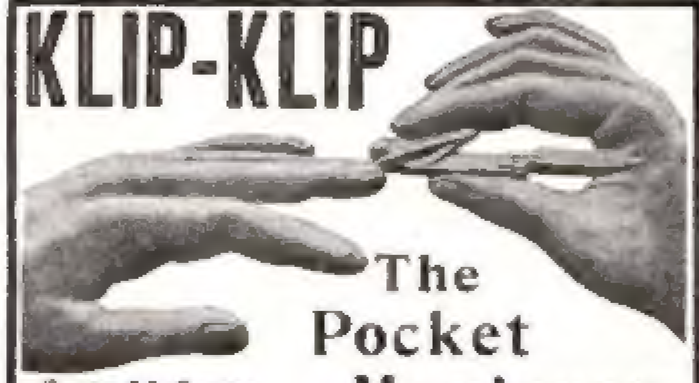

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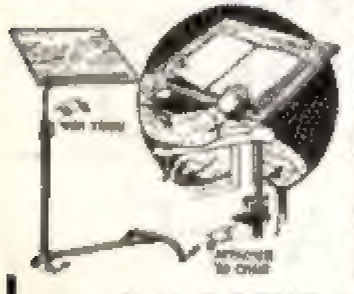

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not adapt himself to the falling temperature of his environment — in this case the water of the aquarium, but ordinarily his native ditch or pool; if he should not yield to the change, and come to rest, and pass into his winter's sleep, but kept up his summer's habits of active leaping, swimming and croaking, he would miserably perish, not indeed in my aquarium, where food is to be had, but in his native haunts, from which the insects and his ordinary summer food had disappeared and everything in winter is buried under snow and ice. So, also, the brown-tail moth, if it had failed to yield to the fall of temperature and the shortening days of autumn, would probably long since have perished for want of food.

Darwin perceived all these things and many more, and pondered upon them until the great discovery dawned upon him that in these ways *Nature herself*, by the precise arrangements of the times and seasons and the like, *picks and chooses* from among the myriad forms born into the world those most adaptable and best adapted, and gives to them and their descendants constant preference in that ceaseless struggle for existence which is our portion in this world.

Darwinism, then, is the natural outcome of careful observation and thoughtful pondering upon simple and obvious facts; but how great has been the influence of this simple generalization! For, if we once allow that Nature herself is always quietly picking and choosing for the survival and breeding of the best of plant and animal forms, and that those less adapted are gradually exterminated, we are clearly brought face to face with a powerful natural process endlessly working for the progress, development and improvement of the race, whether that race be human-kind, or plants, or animals.

The Essence of Darwinism

This, indeed, is Darwinism pure and simple, namely, a possible explanation of the origin of species by means of *natural selection*, assuming, of course, the coöperation of other familiar phenomena of plant and animal life, namely, *heredity*, or the well-known tendency of species to breed true, and its converse, *variation*, or the tendency of species to diverge more or less widely from the type.

But very soon it was perceived by the world that a similar mechanism is at work everywhere — in language, in literature, in art, in philosophy, in religion. Natural selection, or the survival of the fittest, soon became terms to conjure with, and when the idea was applied universally, not only to living beings but to the earth and to other worlds, it soon became clear that a vastly larger process is at work everywhere in Nature, and that a larger term is needed to describe the process. The term chosen was *evolution*, which is a larger phenomenon than natural selection or Darwinism; larger than heredity; larger than variation. It is the process of universal development, unfolding, progress. Darwinism is simply a method, a way of evolution among living things; but its discovery was of supreme importance because it served to solve the riddle — easy enough, perhaps, in Darwin's day for the origin of the earth and lifeless things, but hitherto unsolved for living things — which, as the problem of the "Origin of Species," stood as a stumblingblock in the way of the acceptance of any theory of evolution.

These are some of the things which have made biology one of the most important sciences of the nineteenth century.

Those who wish to read for themselves about some of the general aspects of biology, this comparatively new "life science" which has so marvelously influenced the thought of mankind within a generation, may find the following references helpful:

Charles Darwin: By Grant Allen. English Worthies Series, edited by Andrew Lang. *(Appleton, 1885.)* Charles Darwin and the Theory of Natural Selection: By Edward B. Poulton. *(Macmillan, 1896.)* The Origin of Species: By Charles Darwin. *(Appleton.)* Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection and Tropical Nature: By Alfred Russel Wallace. *(Macmillan, 1891.)* Darwinism: By Alfred Russel Wallace. *(Macmillan, 1889.)* The Study of Animal Life: By J. Arthur Thomson. *(Scribner, 1892.)* The Science of Life; An Outline of the History of Biology and its Recent Advances: By J. Arthur Thomson. *(Blackie, London, 1899.)* Plant Relations; A First Book of Botany: By John M. Coulter. *(Appleton, 1899.)* The Natural History of Plants: By A. von Marilaun Kerner, translated by F. W. Oliver. *(Blackie, 1894. Holt, New York.)* (A large, expensive book, likely to be found only in large libraries.)

Be Successful! Study Advertising!
Why can't YOU do as well as Mr. Barker?
FRANK P. BARKER
On February 17, 1902, Mr. Frank P. Barker, an ambitious young business man, wrote Mr. John Lee Mahin, President of the Mahin Advertising Company, Chicago, as follows:
Chicago, Ill., February 17, 1902.
MR. JOHN LEE MAHIN, Chicago, Ill.
DEAR SIR: May I take the liberty of asking you to recommend to me the school, which, in your opinion, offers the most thorough and practical courses in advertising.
On February 18, 1902, Mr. John Lee Mahin wrote Mr. Frank P. Barker, recommending the Chicago College of Advertising.
On June 12th, five months later, Mr. Frank P. Barker wrote to the Chicago College of Advertising the following letter:
Chicago, June 12, 1902.
CHICAGO COLLEGE OF ADVERTISING, Chicago, Ill.
GENTLEMEN: In view of the immense service which your course in advertising has been to me, I wish to take the liberty of expressing to you my sincere thanks and appreciation. Since beginning my work as advertising manager for Cahn, Wampold & Co. I have had an opportunity to fully test the value of the instruction received from you and I am confident that **no other school or institution** exists which **offers a young man such advantages** as yours.
It is a marvel to me that in three months time you can teach a man, ignorant of the first principles of advertising, such a mass of vital information. In some manner you manage to impart to your students a consciousness of those most essential qualities in advertising — taste, elegance, strength and originality.
The entire secret of the peculiar strength and efficiency of your course in advertising is to be found, I believe, in your system and methods which seem to me most inclusive. In every department of my work, I experience the benefits of the course taken with you and **there is hardly a problem which arises that the instruction received from you fails to throw light upon.**
Being active and practical advertisers yourselves, you know what your students most need and I have found that your instruction consists of all that is newest and best. I am confident that for young men seeking work in one of the most fascinating and most remunerative fields of activity now to be found, **there is but one school in which to seek instruction and that one is the Chicago College of Advertising.** Thanking you again for your aid and assistance, I am
Yours very sincerely,
FRANK P. BARKER, Advertising Manager for Cahn, Wampold & Company.
On June 12th, same date as above letter, Cahn, Wampold & Company wrote the Chicago College of Advertising the following letter:
CHICAGO COLLEGE OF ADVERTISING, Chicago, Ill. Chicago, June 12, 1902.
GENTLEMEN: Mr. F. P. Barker, whom you sent us some time ago to take charge of our Advertising Department, is doing remarkably well, and we are greatly pleased with him in every way, shape and manner.
Very truly yours, F. C. CAHN.
Is there any other profession that can offer such an opportunity for rapid advancement as the above statements illustrate? Any intelligent man or woman, this side of senility, can at a moderate expenditure of time and money, acquire the knowledge crystallized from the life experience of ten of Chicago's leading advertising men, and be helped to put it into a practical money earning occupation.

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Always "New Worlds to Conquer"
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964 Williams Bldg., Fifth Ave. and Monroe St., CHICAGO

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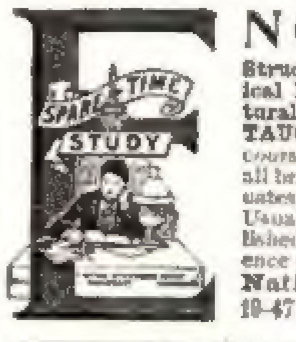
We successfully teach **Journalism, Story-Writing, and Illustrating**, by mail. This work is equally adaptable for men and women, and much of it can be done in the privacy of the home. If you will name the course in which you are interested, we will mail you the free booklet fully describing that course, and what its students are achieving. Our free booklet, "Rules of Manuscript Sales and Syndicate Depts.," tells how we sell **MSS. on commission** to exclusive publishers or to nearly 2,000 publishers by our syndicate plan; how we criticise, revise, and prepare **MSS.**
THORNTON WEST, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF; FOUNDED 1895.
NATIONAL PRESS ASS'N, 67 The Baldwin, INDIANAPOLIS



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SQUABS sell for $2.50 to $6.00 a doz.; hotels and restaurants charge 75 cents to $1.50 an order (serving one squab). There is good money breeding them; a flock makes country life pay handsomely. Squabs are raised in ONE MONTH; a woman can do all the work. No mixing feed, no night labor, no young stock to attend (parent birds do this). Send for our FREE BOOK, "How to Make Money with Squabs," and learn this rich industry. **Plymouth Rock Squab Company, 2 A Friend Street, Boston, Mass.**

For Rent St. Paul, Minn.
Possession May 1st, 1904. Elegant 5-story Corner Building. The very best available location in ST. PAUL for a **Department House**, or other large retail business.
Address HOME REALTY CO.
Nat. Ger. Am. Bank Building, St. Paul, Minn.

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"All the Wheat that's fit to eat"

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C. C. GAINES, Box 907, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., or 119 West 125th Street, New York, N. Y.

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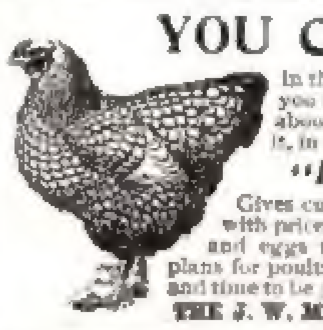
this winter and save coal by fitting your doors and windows with
Ford's Air-Tight Weather Strip
A perfect protection from cold, draught and dust. It is inexpensive, made entirely of wood, and absolutely the best strip on the market. Send for illustrated booklet (Free).
We want agents in each locality and offer very liberal terms to good men. Write to us.
Charles J. Ford, 231 Senior Bldg., Holyoke, Mass.



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in the poultry business just as we have if you follow the same plans. We tell all about what we have done and how we did it, in our new year book,
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Gives cuts of every variety of fowl, together with prices for **singles, pairs, trios and pens**, and eggs for hatching, in season. Cuts and plans for poultry houses. It costs too much money and time to be given away, but is sent for **10 cents.**
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Diamonds on Credit under the LOFTIS SYSTEM means that any person of honest intentions, without regard to their cash resources, may open a CONFIDENTIAL CHARGE ACCOUNT for a Diamond, Watch or other valuable article of Jewelry, and pay the same in a series of easy monthly payments.

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We Are One of the Largest Houses in the Diamond business and one of the oldest — Est. 1858. We refer to any bank in America — ask your local bank how we stand in the business world. They will refer to their Commercial Agency books and tell you that we stand very high, and that our representations may be accepted without question.

Our Guarantee Certificate given with every Diamond is the broadest and strongest ever issued by a responsible concern. Our exchange system is the most liberal ever devised, for it permits you to return any Diamond bought of us and get the full amount paid in exchange for other goods or a larger Diamond. Further, we give the broad guarantee of satisfaction to every customer.

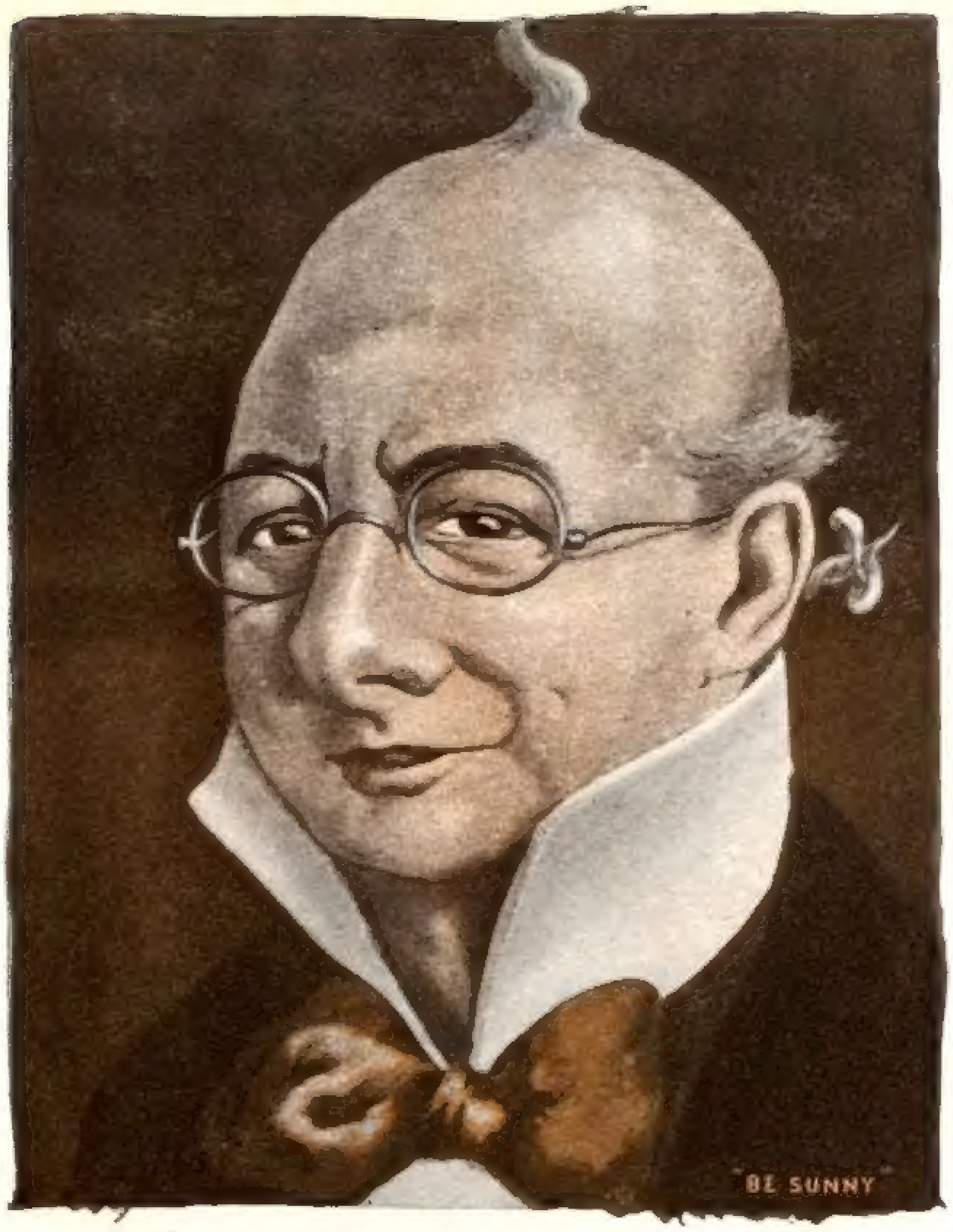
Your Christmas Plans will not be complete until you have looked through our Catalogue, and considered what you can do in gift-making in conjunction with the LOFTIS SYSTEM. The $5. or $10. which you might pay for something cheap and trashy will make the first payment on, and put you in immediate possession of, a splendid Diamond or Watch. You can thus make a gift commensurate with and appropriate to the circumstances, without any considerable initial expenditure. There can be no more favorable time than the present for a Diamond purchase. Dealers agree in this view.

***TO THE CASH BUYER** of Diamonds, we have a proposition to make which is thoroughly characteristic of our house. It is nothing less than a written agreement to return all that they pay on a Diamond — less ten per cent., at any time within one year. Thus, one might wear a fifty-dollar Diamond for a whole year, then return it to us and get $45., making the cost of wearing the Diamond less than ten cents per week.*

Write Today for Catalogue

LOFTIS BROS. & CO., Diamonds — Watches — Jewelry

Dept. L 51, 92 to 98 State St., Chicago, Ill.



I WANT to personally invite each of the 600,000 readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST to join "The 'FORCE' Society." It already has more than two million members — besides myself. Its object will be clear to you when you read the Creed below.

The membership is limited strictly to those who want to be happier than they are.

Each member is entitled to an "M. F. S." after his name — and to enroll other members if he thinks enough of them.

* * *

The Creed is simple — I wrote it myself.

¶ *I believe that to be happy is all I want.*

¶ *I believe that I was never unhappy until I thought I was, and that, therefore, I can never be happy until I think I am.*

¶ *I believe there's no use trying to think happiness with my mind when my stomach is arguing the question with my body.*

¶ *I believe that if I ate the food my stomach liked the best there wouldn't be any question to argue.*

¶ *I believe, therefore, that before I think about being happy I've got to settle this food problem.*

That's all there is to the Creed.

You see, it stops rather abruptly, because that's where you join the Society, and when you've joined, you *have* settled the food problem.

I know of but one food that makes the Creed livable.

It is the food that made me sunny.

The secret of the Society's rapid growth is that this sunny food I make has the quality in it that makes those who eat it tell of its sunniness to lots of others — the first thing.

* * *

A Rumor and a Reward

From the very beginning "FORCE" was a success. Its sales were soon greater than those of all other foods. Then the ordinary competition of advertising and good salesmanship gave way to an underhand method of attack, and one that was very hard to meet.

A rumor was circulated that "FORCE" contained some harmful ingredient. It gained ground, evidently because some people made it their duty to see that it was circulated.

I first tried to meet this malicious report quietly by the publication of analyses by chemists of the highest standing. Then I decided that the only way to kill a rumor was to fight it in the open.

CUT this corner off and MAIL with 2c stamp to SUNNY JIM, Buffalo

A 10

Cut
this corner off and mail it, with 2-cent stamp enclosed, to

"SUNNY JIM"
Buffalo, U. S. A.

Please send to my address below a copy of your book "THE GENTLE ART OF USING FORCE," for which I enclose 2-cent stamp.

____________________ *Name*

____________________ *Address*

* * *

I spent fifty thousand dollars in advertising throughout the whole country my offer of a reward of $5000.00 each to any man, woman or child, to any professional chemist or private citizen, to any grocer or his customer, who could prove that there was anything in any package of "FORCE" bought in the open market but wheat, barley-malt and salt.

This offer has been published in nearly every newspaper in the United States. I will keep on publishing it until everyone knows what I know — *that "FORCE" is synonymous with absolute purity.*

The point is, that I am not simply offering proof that there is no harmful substance in "FORCE." I am proving that *there is no substance in it that ought not to be there!*

* * *

The World's New Motto

The two words "Be Sunny" shall be my text hereafter. I am going to show the members of The "FORCE" Society that sunniness is more "worth while" than anything else; that just as soon as the body is freed from unnecessary drags upon it one begins to feel better — and so does everyone else in one's neighborhood; that most of us are bound down by wrong or badly chosen foods, and that "FORCE" is a good food for everybody every day, but particularly *for you, today!*

I am also going to show you that your thoughts have a good deal to do with your health and your happiness — more than you think for.

And I want to show you a new way of thinking that is as good for your happiness as "FORCE" is for your health. To do this I have had to add a new word to the language — "FORCE-thought." It's the quality which marks the members The "FORCE" Society.

* * *

Force-thought is something like forethought, only it begins sooner and goes further.

Force-thought is the kind of thinking that when put into action accomplishes things — makes them easier.

It is the sort of thinking that nets a profit to the thinker.

It recognizes that in order to think for profit — to think hard and clearly with one's mind — one must begin with one's body and eat the sort of food that nourishes the body without burdening the stomach and supplies the brain with the food it needs to think with.

The one food which best helps clear, concentrated thinking is "FORCE."

The first principle of Force-thought, therefore, is eating "FORCE."

But there's more to it — which I haven't time to tell you this week.

* * *

"The Gentle Art of Using Force"

Meanwhile, the best way to join The "FORCE" Society is to send for a copy of my new book.

It treats of two subjects: how to serve "FORCE" in many ways, and how to be sunny — always.

I think the recipe for being sunny is the best one in the book.

It's the first book I've ever written, so I have had it lithographed in six colors, and think it will prove one of the most popular books of the year, for I have already had to publish one million copies to supply the demand.

I will mail you one on receipt of a 2-cent stamp.

Yours truly,

Sunny Jim

(To be continued.)